MARVEL

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

RETURN OF THE BLACK CAT

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"Tremendously entertaining ... hilarious and exciting ... Amazing Spider-Man is still firing on all cylinders."
– Dan Phillips, *IGN.Com*

"Joe Kelly absolutely knocks the Black Cat stuff completely out of the park...Extremely fun comics that should please pretty much anyone."
– *WeeklyComicBookReview.com*

Peter Parker suddenly has several lovely ladies in his life …

Michele Gonzales is Pete's take-no-prisoners roommate who's not really his girlfriend. Really. We swear. Norah Winters is the say-anything motormouth journalist who's permanently laid off the editor in her mental newsroom. Mary Jane Watson is the stunning star of film, television and stage desperate to break the ice on a frosty relationship.

And now, along comes the Black Cat and her unique contribution to the ol' Parker Luck!

But Spidey better sort out his romantic urges, because a pair of threats has been looming on the horizon, and they've finally arrived: The clone-hunting Raptor and the diabolical Norman Osborn!

Collecting *Amazing Spider-Man #606-611* — written by Joe Kelly, Marc Guggenheim and J.M. DeMatteis; and illustrated by Mike McKone, Marco Checchetto, Luke Ross and Val Semeiks.

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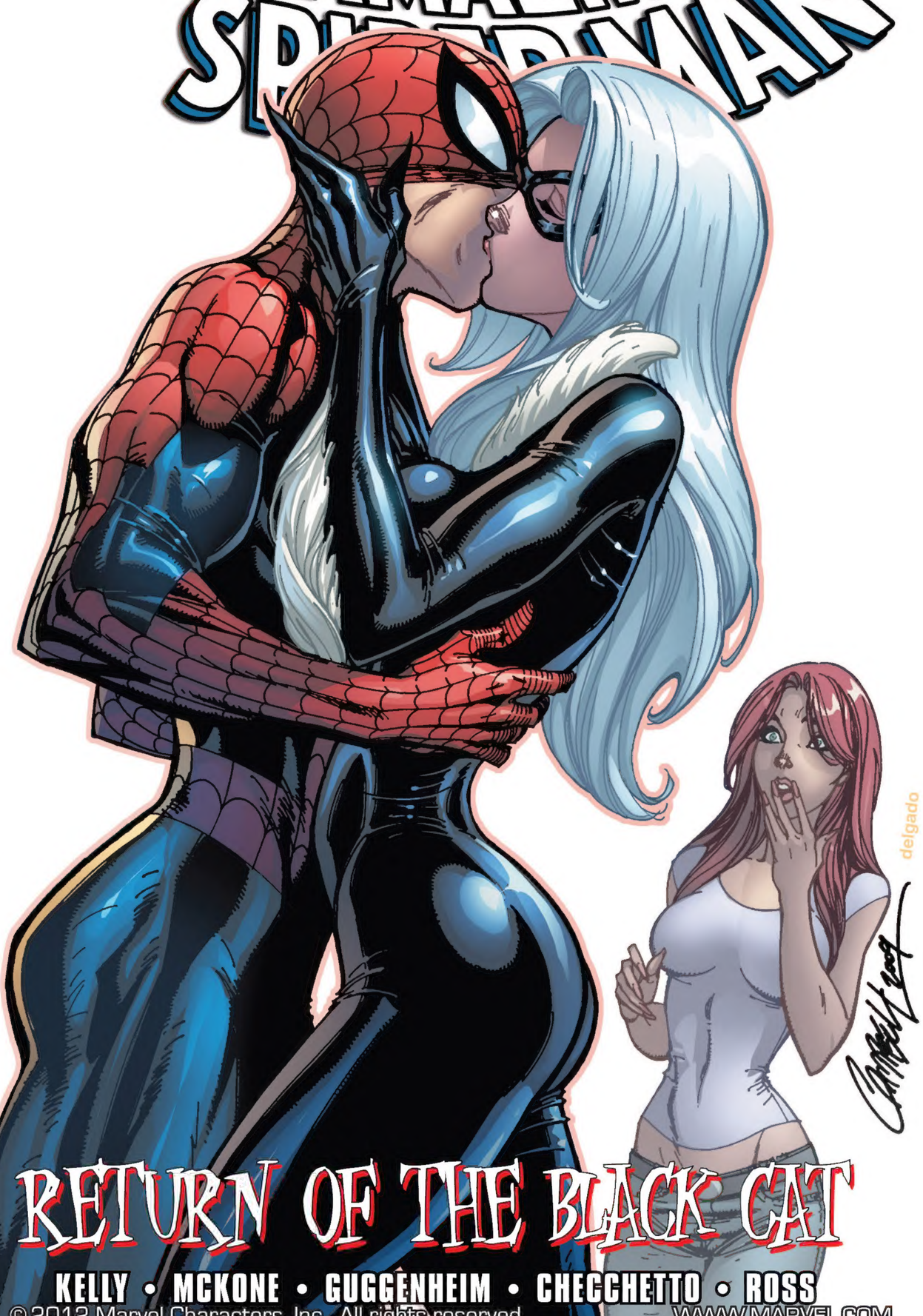

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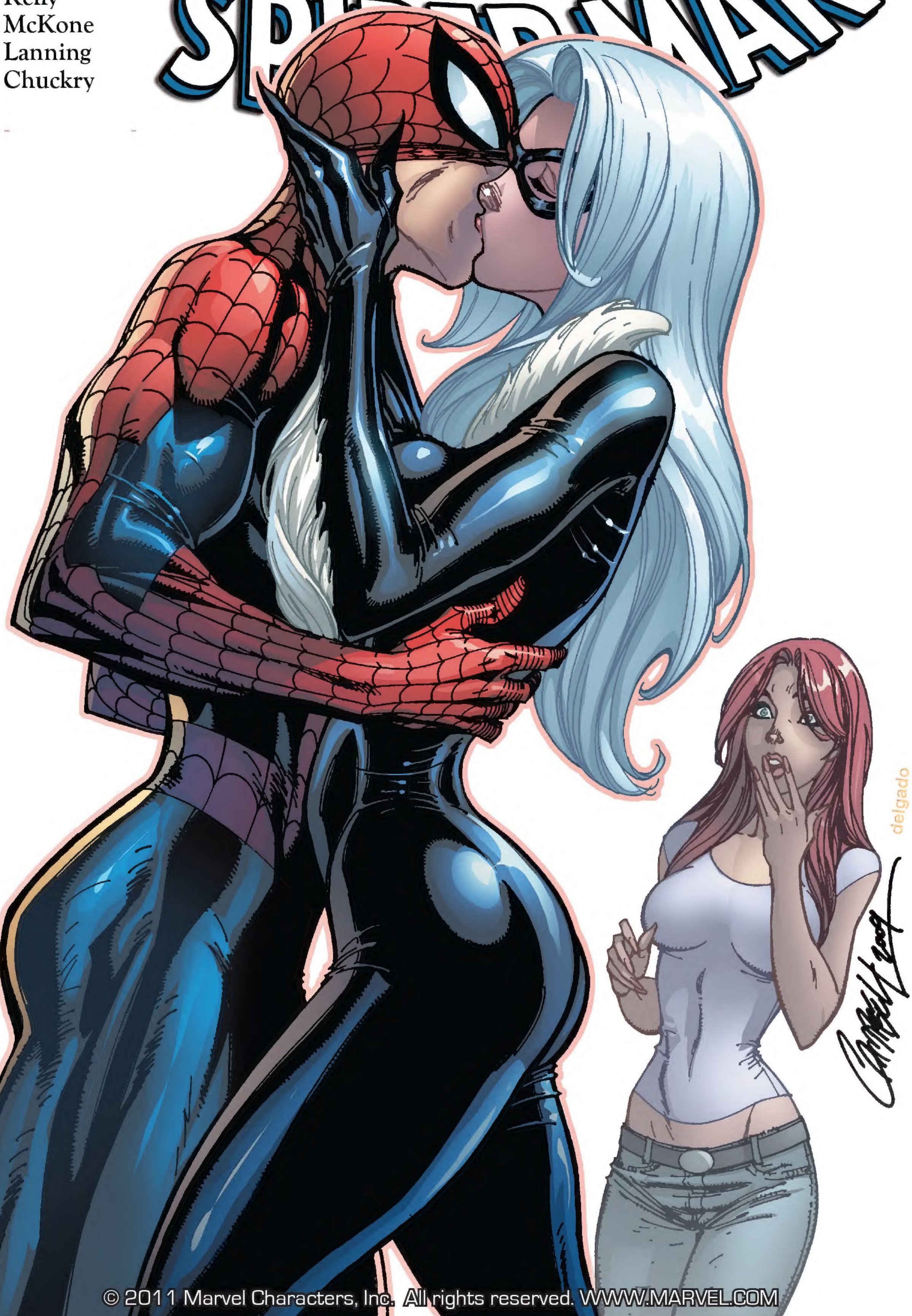

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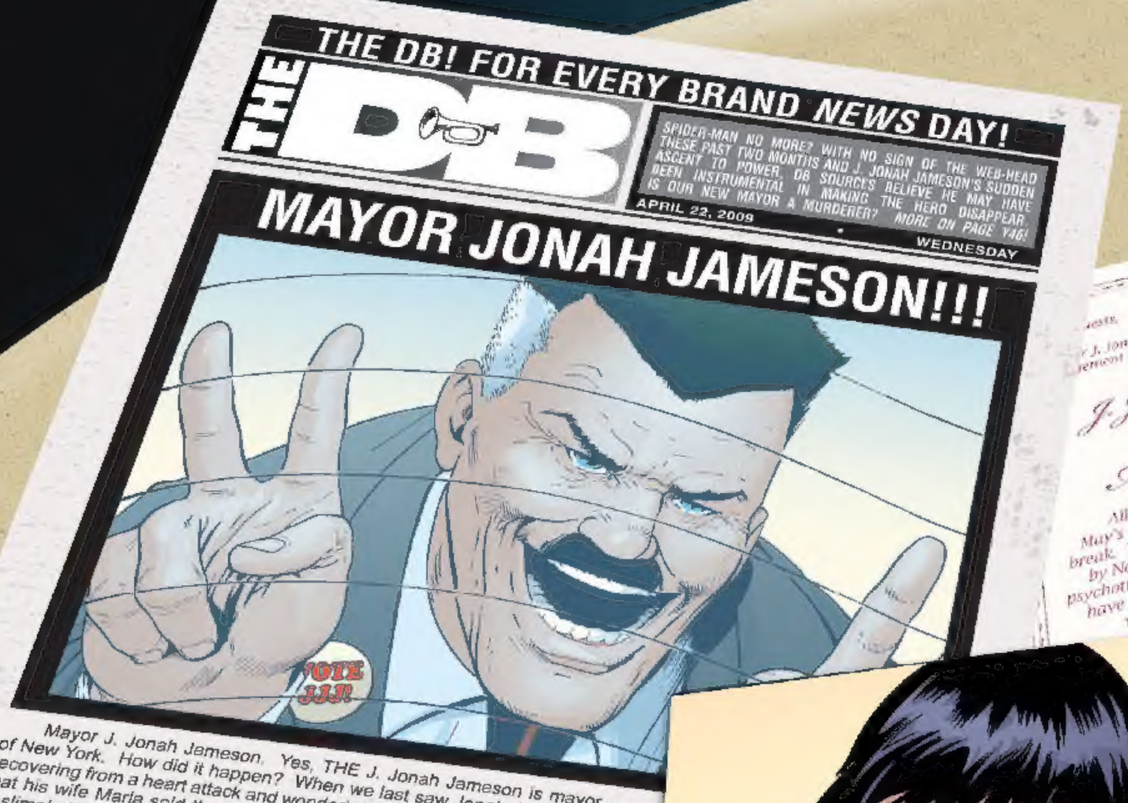
THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
SPIDER-MAN NO MORE? WITH NO SIGN OF THE WEB-HEAD THESE PAST TWO MONTHS AND J. JONAH JAMESON'S SUDDEN ASCENT TO POWER, DB SOURCES BELIEVE HE MAY HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN MAKING THE HERO DISAPPEAR. IS OUR NEW MAYOR A MURDERER? MORE ON PAGE Y46!
APRIL 22, 2009
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
VOTE JJJ!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you – he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker, ANYTHING can change – his rent, his love life, even his circle of friends, a base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear – J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker an
New York City.

PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

A great man once said there is no good news, just degrees of bad news. Well, I've got so many degrees of bad news, I'm teaching a masters course in it. I'm Peter Parker, and I don't know if that joke makes sense. Maybe the ol' Parker luck's affecting my sense of humor. Heck, I feel cursed lately—the bad luck seems way worse than usual.

No sooner do I marry off my venerable Aunt than my ex, Mary Jane Watson, shows up. MJ and I haven't spoken since...well, a while. I had a beverage or two at the reception and woke up next to my roommate, the psychotic (and litigious) Michele Gonzales. She and I seemed prime for war till The Chameleon showed up and stole my identity...and a few kisses from Michele. Once I got my life back, I discovered she was quite smitten with the likes of me.

(Incidentally, if you're going to break up with a girl, don't tell her she wasn't really in love with you, she was in love with the super villain impersonating you. Even if it's true, they never believe you.)

Chameleon showing up spooked me. Sure, it's always a matter of time before these bozos show up again, but it was right on the heels of Doc Ock coming back on the scene. It's got the makings of a pattern. Chameleon's always working for someone – used to be running around with the Kravens in the way-back-when – this isn't an isolated incident. My luck's never that good. Something big is coming...I can only wonder what's next.

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Prologue...

NEW YORK'S UPPER EAST SIDE.

MADAME WEB...

IT HAS BEEN *DAYS*... LONGER? I HAVE NO TOUCHSTONES TO GUIDE ME.

NO WINDOWS THROUGH WHICH TO GAUGE THE SUN'S WARMTH.

...ARE YOU DEAD?

IRREGULAR MEALS. NO *NOISE*. I HAVE NEVER BEEN IN A PLACE SO *STILL*--

NO... YOU DON'T *SMELL* DEAD. GOODIE.

MAMA WANTS ME TO TALK TO YOU. SHE DOESN'T LIKE YOU. YOU'RE DIRTY. BENEATH HER. OLD AND DIRTY.

THEN PERHAPS SHE SHOULD LET ME GO, THAT I MIGHT BATHE...

YOU'RE FUNNY.

SHE IS ON ME IN A WHISPER.

INSTANTANEOUSLY, I LOSE MY AIR...

...AND SHE--

DEAR GOD, IT'S ALIVE!

DON'T CHEW.

IF YOU BITE, MISTER ANANSI WILL BE SAD.

HIS GUTS WILL LEAK OUT AND YOUR THROAT WILL CLOSE FOREVER.

LET HIM FIND YOUR *STOMACH*... THEN WE CAN *TALK*.

DRUGS. IT ALWAYS STARTS WITH DRUGS... *COWARDS*.

WHAT DO YOU SEE? WHAT IS THE *SPIDER* DOING?

PLEASE GOD, HELP ME...HELP ME TO *LIE*.

H-HE... OH, GOD...

"HE IS SURROUNDED BY *LOVED ONES...*"

UM...

DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE NOT GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT?

COMMON AREAS ARE NOT *CLOSETS, PARKER.* DIDN'T WE DISCUSS THIS--?

MAYBE--?

MAYBE *YES,* WHICH IS MAYBE *WHY* I'M SENDING ALL OF YOUR CRAP DOWN THE *GARBAGE DISPOSAL!*

CHUGGACHUGGA

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

DEFINITELY OUT OF *PATIENCE!*

IS THAT MY MICROSCOPE? HOW DID YOU GET A MICROSCOPE DOWN THERE IN ONE PIECE?

YOU'D BE AMAZED HOW THE LAWS OF PHYSICS MOVE OVER FOR A TICKED OFF *BORDEQUA.*

I FIGURED YOU OUT AND I'M NOT FALLING FOR IT, PARKER!

YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY HEAD TO DISTRACT ME FROM WHAT A *PIG* YOU REALLY ARE!

LADY, ALL *"HEAD GAMES"* CAME TO A SCREECHING HALT WHEN YOU PUNCHED ME IN THE JAW!

THIS IS WHY GOD INVENTED *COFFEE...* SO MEN COULD TALK TO WOMEN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

YOU DESERVED IT.

LOOK, I KNOW THERE'S *NOTHING* THAT MAKES SENSE BETWEEN US...BUT SOME SICK, TWISTED PART OF ME KEEPS WONDERING... IF MAYBE I'M WRONG.

I *LIKE* MICHELE, WHEN SHE'S NOT BEATING ME OR TRASHING MY STUFF... BUT THIS CAN'T POSSIBLY WORK. I HAVE TO SHUT IT DOWN...GENTLY...WITH *TACT.*

UM... LOOK...

IT'S NOT *YOU,* MICHELE--

IF YOU ACTUALLY UTTER "IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME," I SWEAR TO GOD YOU GET SHOVED IN THE TRASH COMPACTOR NEXT.

WAIST FIRST.

PARKER!

GET YOUR FINE BEHIND OUT OF BED!

I HAVE NEED OF YOUR BODY!

NORAH?

TOTAL CRISIS. JUST HOLD ME IN YOUR MANLY TOOTHPICK ARMS. HOLD ME--

NORAH, SERIOUSLY--

I KNOW, SERIOUSLY. I'M SORRY TO GET ALL RUBBY ON YOU, BUT I REALLY NEEDED A HUG...

NORAH...!

I'VE BEEN HOLDING THIS IN FOR WEEKS. THE OSBORN STORY. I TOTALLY POO-POOED MY PANTS.

NORAH...

I SAT ON THE STORY, PETE.

WAIT, THIS IS--

SINCE YOU'RE SORT OF A COWARD TOO, I FIGURED YOU COULD RELATE--

-AHEM-.

SEE ASM#599.

EXCUSE ME? A LITTLE PRIVACY?

I'M TRYING TO HAVE A MOMENT WITH MY MAN-CHILD.

...UNLESS YOU'RE HIS MOTHER...

AND HERE WE GO.

SO *THIS* IS WHY YOU'RE MISTER HOT AND COLD! I FIGURED YOU FOR A GUY WITH HIGHER STANDARDS--

HONEY, PETE HASN'T FOUND THE STONES TO ASK ME OUT *YET*, BUT *I'M* NOT YOUR PROBLEM--

YET? I--

IT'S BECAUSE YOUR BOOTY LOOKS LIKE IT SWALLOWED A SACK OF DEAD PUPPIES.

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!

NEXT TIME SOMEONE SLIDES YOU A PLATE OF RICE AND BEANS, GRAB SOME ENSALADA, HONEY.

KNOCK KNOCK.

LADIES, PLEASE. HOW ABOUT SOME *COFFEE--?*

KNOCK KNOCK.

GO AWAY!

OOOH. YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.

AND NOW THE TV STAR. FANTASTIC.

OH, GOD.

YEAH, WELL...I GUESS THE ICE-BREAKING BREAKFAST PASTRY CAN WAIT.

I'LL CALL AHEAD NEXT TIME, TIGER. CARRY ON WITH... WHATEVER.

NO, MJ, WAIT!
IT'S COOL!
YEAH, "COOL" HANGING WITH YOUR RACIST GIRLFRIEND, PARKER.
I'M NOT A RACIST, SIR, I'M EQUALLY MEAN TO *HUSSIES* OF ALL COLORS.
MJ!
SLAM!
YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME, PARKER. I'LL BE BUSY *EXFOLIATING* DOWN TO THE BONE--
--NOW THAT I CAN SEE WHERE YOU'VE BEEN.
MICHELE!
SLAM!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M YELLING AT YOU, BUT IT FEELS GOOD!
AND THAT'S ONE TO GROW ON!
NORAH, THAT'S MY ROOM!
SLAM!
FWOOOSH!
RIGHT.

AND FOURTEEN HOURS LATER, I'M STILL CONFUSED ABOUT MICHELE. STILL STINGING FROM THE SIGHT OF MJ...

AND STILL DEBATING WHETHER PUSHING NORAH UNDER A BUS IS MORE HUMANE THAN FEEDING HER TO THE JACKALS IN THE ZOO.

SO I TAKE IT OUT ON YOU. CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE "*WORST DAY FOR A SUPER HERO TO CATCH YOU BEING A MENACE*" CONTEST!

I KNOW, I KNOW. I'M SORRY. I TOTALLY DOMINATE THE CONVERSATION WHEN I GET IN A MOOD LIKE THIS.

AAAAAAAGH!!

BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY A GREAT LISTENER, AND SENSITIVE. I BET YOU READ OPRAH BOOKS.

HELLLLLP!!!

GOOD POINT. I DEFINITELY NEED HELP.

BUT LOOK WHO I'M TALKING TO! YOU HAVE YOUR OWN ISSUES WITH WOMEN. AM I RIGHT...?

OR DID I TOTALLY MISREAD THAT BIT IN THE ALLEY AND YOU'RE *ACTUALLY* A CERTIFIED HANDBAG INSPECTOR?

I PEE-PEED MYSELF.

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING A MUGGER, MISTER DAMPY-PANTS.

Y-YOU'RE CRAZY.

YOU'RE TELLING ME! THAT'S WHY YOU GOTTA GET IT OUT, Y'KNOW? UNLEASH THE NEGATIVITY. TALK TO A FRIEND...

...OR A FELON IN NEED OF A NAPPY CHANGE. WHATEVER.

THE GOOD NEWS IS IN FOUR MINUTES, IT WILL OFFICIALLY BE *TOMORROW.*

AND TOMORROW BRINGS THE PROMISE OF A BRAND NEW--

TMK TMK

AAAAAAAAGH!

"START." I WAS GONNA SAY "START."

SIGH.

THWIP

FWAT

DO ME A FAVOR, DON'T MENTION THIS LITTLE ACCIDENT...

THE MAYOR WILL *TOTALLY* BILL ME FOR THIS.

I'M JUST GONNA SET YOU DOWN AND--

OH DANG.

I'M GONNA DIEEEEE!

WHAT A BABY! THIS HAPPENS ALL THE TIME!

STUPID CITY FALLING APART--

AS ARE MY WEB-SHOOTERS--!?

AH, WELL, I HAVE ANOTHER.

CLAKETY CLAK

"HAD" ANOTHER. JEEZ, LAST TIME I BUY PARTS IN CHINATOWN.

GLORFFFT!

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME WITH THE TWO BROKEN WEB-SHOOTERS!

I HATE MY LIFE.

AAAA

HI, SPIDER.

LONG TIME NO ME.

BLACK CAT.

TAKE IT THE OL' "BAD LUCK" POWERS ARE BACK?

FROM WHERE I'M SITTING THEY'RE THE "HILARITY ENSUES" POWERS, BUT YEAH. THEY'RE BACK.

SO AM I.

LONG-TERM ARRANGEMENT

JOE KELLY	MIKE McKONE	ANDY LANNING	CHRIS CHUCKRY	VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA	TOM BRENNAN	STEPHEN WACKER	TOM BREVOORT	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY	ALAN FINE
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GALE, GUGGENHEIM, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE, WAID & WELLS WEB-HEADS

WELL THAT'S A TRUCKLOAD OF AWESOME. THANKS FOR THE HEADS-UP.

DO I SEND THE BILL TO YOU OR DO YOU WANT TO MAKE OUT A CHECK TO MY CHIROPRACTOR RIGHT NOW?

...

YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET ME DO THE "QUIPPY McCHATTERBOX" THING TO AVOID REAL CONVERSATION, ARE YOU?

HOW WAS JAIL?

I WASN'T IN...OH.

YES HE WAS! AND BLACK CAT HELPED HIM MAKE AN EARLY ESCAPE BACK IN CHARACTER ASSASSINATION. --WINSOME WACKER

SORRY, I-- WITH THE WAR AND THE INVASION AND THE...OTHER BAD THING...

DIDN'T DAREDEVIL THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME OUT WITH THAT... FOR ME?

CAN'T TRUST THAT GUY WITH ANYTHING.

GLAD TO SEE YOU HAVEN'T GONE AND GROWN UP SINCE YOU DUMPED ME, SPIDER.

HOW'D THAT WORK OUT, BY THE BY?

WAIT, I DIDN'T-- WHOOPS--

STUPID WEB-FLUID ON CHAIR...

SETTLE DOWN WITH A NICE LADY SPIDER AND LAY AN EGG SACK?

OKAY, BUT YOU'RE NOT BITTER...

WHOA--

SPLASH!

WHY BE BITTER WHEN I CAN JUST BE ME?

37 Wet Seconds Later.

YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE.

I HAVEN'T *ANY* IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...

...BUT DO ME A FAVOR AND STAND OVER THERE. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET ELECTROCUTED... *"ACCIDENTALLY."*

WHY WOULD YOU STILL BE MAD AT ME, ANYWAY? YOU LANDED ON YOUR FEET JUST FINE. YES, THAT'S A PUN.

AREN'T YOU SHARING A LITTER BOX WITH *THE PUMA?* YES, PUNBER TWO.

I WAS. BUT THOMAS HAD CONTROL ISSUES...AND THEN THERE WAS THE *MANSCAPING ACCIDENT* AFTER HE FORGOT HIS BOUNDARIES.

YOU EVIL, EVIL THING.

COMES WITH THE CLAWS. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M WORKING.

WORK-- ARE YOU BREAKING AND ENTERING?

ARE YOU STARING AT MY CHEST?

I--

SO IT'S YES TO *BOTH* THEN.

WHAT? WAIT--?

YOUR BREATHING GETS CHOPPY WHEN YOU PERV OUT. DON'T WORRY. I'M USED TO IT.

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE *FELONY!* NOT... YOU KNOW...

THE KITTENS.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A *DETECTIVE* NOW OR SOMETHING--

I HAVE A *NEW* JOB.

AMAZING WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DROP OUT OF SOMEONE'S LIFE.

MIND THE LASERS.

YOW! WAITASEC! THIS IS THE OLD JOB.

YOU. DUMPED. ME--

KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT. EXCUSE ME.

I'M NOT LETTING YOU--

IS THAT DEXTER BENNETT?

YOU'RE ROBBING DEXTER BENNETT?

AND HE ACTUALLY HAS A SAFE BEHIND A PICTURE OF HIMSELF?

SERIOUSLY, SPIDER. JUST GO OR YOUR APPENDIX MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY BURST.

AND UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE AN ACCESSORY TO THE FACT, I SUGGEST YOU SCURRY ON HOME, LITTLE SPIDER.

YEAH, THAT WOULD BE GREAT, EXCEPT, I TEND TO STOP PEOPLE FROM DOING EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

YOU ALSO TEND TO RUN AWAY FROM STRONG WOMEN. THAT MUST BE QUITE THE DILEMMA.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT, CAN YOU?

CARE TO FIND...

...OUT?

OH, WOW...

I CAN SEE WHY YOU'D BE SO HOT TO STEAL THAT.

THE CORPSE MARKET IS REALLY PICKING UP THESE DAYS.

LET ME GUESS...HE CUT YOU OFF IN TRAFFIC AND *ACCIDENTALLY* MET A BIZARRE AND GORY FATE.

SPIDER, I--THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME--

EASY, CAT... IT'S THE VERBAL DIARRHEA THAT KEEPS ME FROM THROWING UP AT TIMES LIKE THIS.

I KNOW MURDER'S NOT YOUR STYLE.

YOUR BREATH GETS ALL CHOPPY WHEN YOU TELL THE TRUTH.

FUNNY.

IT'S *GRANITE*. HIS INSIDES WERE CHANGED TO *GRANITE*...

REALLY NOT MY PROBLEM, SO--

YOU'RE KIDDING. WE WALK IN ON A PIECE OF HUMAN MODERN ART AND YOU'RE STILL PLAYING CAT BURGLAR?

WE HAVE TO--

OH, DANG!

I JUST BROKE THAT GUY'S SPLEEN.

EEW.

KRRAKK

MOVE!

I ALMOST *PASS OUT* FROM THE *WAILING* OF MY SPIDER-SENSE.

LIKE A *CAR SIREN* FOR EACH OF THE "*GUT BALLS*" THAT EXPLODE FROM THE DEAD GUY...

...WHICH ARE MOVING WAY TOO SLOW TO BE BULLETS...

WHICH, IN MY EXPERIENCE, MEANS THEY'RE NOT *SUPPOSED* TO BE BULLETS...

...THEY'RE TINY PRESENTS WRAPPED WITH *HATE* AND EXPLODEY STUFF.

PLINK

PLINK

PLINK

STEEL.

STEEL *SPIKES* ERUPTING FROM THE WALLS WHEREVER THE LITTLE SPLEEN-ETTES HIT...

HOLY SCHNIKES!

I *REALLY* HOPE BENNETT DIDN'T CHEAP OUT ON THAT DOOR.

GO GO GO!

NNGH!

ANOTHER REASON TO HATE DEXTER BENNETT. CHEAPSKATE.

SERIOUSLY, CAT... SERIOUSLY.

IF YOU'RE MAD AT ME FOR ANYTHING I DID OR DIDN'T DO, I'M SORRY. I'M SCUM. *ALL* MEN ARE SCUM.

PLEASE UN-BAD LUCK ME NOW?

SHUT UP AND *MAN* UP...

NOT THE CORPSES I EXPECTED.

TROUBLESOME VARIABLES.

ANY CLUE?

DR. KEVORKIAN'S EVIL SPANISH COUSIN?

IT'S *DIABLO*, YOU IDIOT. I MEANT "*ANY CLUE WHAT HE'S DOING HERE.*"

IF YOU WEREN'T SO GOOD IN THE SACK YOU'D BE COMPLETELY USELESS.

I WAS GOOD IN THE SACK?

$C_3N_3H_5O_9$

Just Outside.

I SWEAR, GOD. I WILL NEVER STEAL A PURSE AGAIN.

JUST PLEASE GET ME DOWN FROM HERE--

IT'S *IMMEDIATE.*

ONE SECOND, THERE'S GRANITE AND TASTEFUL--BUT SOMEWHAT PRETENTIOUS--FURNISHINGS AND *AIR*, AND THE NEXT, *EVERYTHING IS FIRE.*

EVERYTHING.

CAT!

OH--

SHE WENT THE WRONG WAY.

SHE DIDN'T GET OUT--

--NO!!

THUDD!

HNNNNGH!

SPLASH!

OR...SINCE I'M THE ONE STILL ON FIRE AND *PEE-PEE BOY* IS IN THE POOL...

I'M SORRY, GOD!!!

FIRE!

CAT--
=HMF=

WHOOMF!

YOU AREN'T BURNT, ARE YOU? YOU DON'T SMELL BURNT.

YOU SMELL LIKE FLOWERS.

GRANITE KITCHEN. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MISSED IT.

HOPPED OVER THE ISLAND AND THE FLAMES WENT RIGHT PAST.

...WON'T EVEN *SAY* "*PURSE*" AGAIN.

OKAY THEN, WELL... SEE YOU NEXT TIME.

"*SEE YOU NEXT TIME?!*" AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?

NO.

WHAT'S THAT *BOOK?*

NO.

SHOULDN'T WE LIKE, CALL SOMEONE OR SOMETHING?

HAVE A BALL, SPIDER.

SEE YOU NEXT LIFE.

...

Half a High-Rise Later...

BDEET HEY BOSS... YEAH, A LOT MORE HEAT THAN EXPECTED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'VE STUMBLED INTO, BOSS, BUT BENNETT WAS A *TARGET*, NOT A PLAYER, I THINK--

HAVE WOMEN GONE CRAZY?!

SERIOUSLY! OR IS IT REALLY *JUST ME?* BECAUSE EVERY FEMALE IN MY LIFE IS *FLIPPIN' INSANE..!*

...ESPECIALLY *YOU!!*

I--

SLEEPY'S The Mattress Professionals

HERO UP! THE SUPER HERO SQUAD SHOW

YOU DUMPED ME BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T LIKE WHAT WAS *UNDER THIS MASK.*

YOU WANTED IT ALL TO BE A *GAME* WHEN I WAS READY TO MOVE *FORWARD!* SO HOW DID I BECOME THE *BAD GUY?!*

IT...IT ISN'T YOU, IT'S ME...

NO. I *USED* THAT LINE TODAY. YOU DON'T GET OFF THAT EASY--

BUT IT *IS* ME...

WLEE-TV

...THE SECOND I SAW YOU, EVEN THOUGH I FORGOT WHO YOU ARE UNDER THAT MASK...IT ALL CAME RUSHING BACK...

THE *THRILL* OF IT...THE *FUN*...THE *HEARTACHE.*

YOU'RE TOUCHING ME...

I WAS TRYING TO *AVOID* ALL OF THAT AGAIN. SPARE US BOTH, BUT...

BUT...YOUR BREATHING'S ALL CHOPPY.

SO IS YOURS.

OH BOY.

THIS IS THE PART WHERE I LOOK DEEP DOWN INSIDE MYSELF AND FIND MY CLEAR CONSCIENCE SAYING...

ZACK SAYS THE FEED IS LIVE. SHOOT IT!

"RUN, PETER PARKER. RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN FROM THE CRAZY LADY WHO BROKE YOUR HEART. SHE'S *CRAZY!* THAT'S NOT ATTRACTIVE AT ALL!"

AND THEN THE *REST* OF ME BEATS THAT PART TO A BLOODY PULP, AND LETS CONSCIENCE GO.

I LET IT *ALL* GO BY PULLING HER CLOSER AND EVERYTHING ELSE FADES AWAY.

FOR A SECOND...THE LAST SECOND BEFORE I SHUT MY BRAIN OFF AND BECOME ALL *BODY*, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK WHAT A BAD IDEA THIS IS...

...AND I SMILE.

BRING IT ON.

To Be Continued...

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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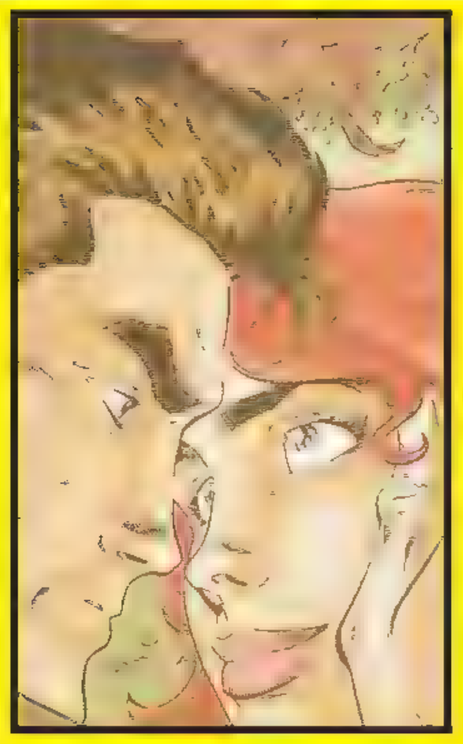

!!!ERRATTA ALERTTA!!!

Folks, see that above panel of Pete and MJ? It was supposed to run on page 31, panel 8 in this year's ASM Annual, but due to some misunderstanding on the part of ye olde editor, I ran the wrong flashback showing a couple of Pete and MJ look-alikes.

So enjoy this one moment of me actually taking ownership of my mistakes as opposed to blaming the increasingly nervous looking Tom Brennan.

Dear Marvel,

It took me awhile to hop onto the Brand New Day train, but I'm glad I did. The stories have been great, and actually have been getting better as it goes along, which is much appreciated. It's really great to see this arc keep building. I'm very curious as to how a lot of the drama in Peter's life will be resolved. On that note, I'm still begging for much more MJ to be seen. The book feels so vacant without her, even with the great supporting cast of old and new.

I have one brief comment about a part of ASM #595 that I would like to say in regards to the writing. A lot of people take shots at politicians in the entertainment industry, comics included. There was one in this issue, but I'm actually impressed with the fact that Mr. Kelly took shots at BOTH sides in the issue. It's very rare that you see much fairness involved in entertainment's commentaries on politics, and that makes me feel quite happy to purchase this comic three times a month.

I look forward to the buildup to issue #600. Keep up the good work!

Jon D.
Danville, CA

Thanks for noticing, Jon. We actually heard a lot about #595's two political gags with many readers seeing only one gag or the other and assuming there must be some nefarious brain-washing scheme going on. But not only is there a history at Marvel of reflecting and mentioning current events that goes back decades, you can also rest assured that we have folks of all political and cultural stripes working on our books.

We even have lifelong Donutitarian party member Tom Brevoort looking over my shoulder on every issue. He's running on the slogan of: "Yes we can…eat a lot of donuts." Also read his memoir: "The Audacity of Holes" (published by Dunkin Press).

Brevoort will no doubt be the easiest politician to bribe in history.

Dear Spider-Mail,

I've been away from comics for over fifteen years, and only recently decided to get back into it. I must say, a lot's happened in my absence – I read the Civil War Companion only recently, I'm collecting the Secret Invasion Chronicles issues to catch up (hope you guys do this with Dark Reign as well), and just picked up my first Spidey issue in many years: Amazing Spider-Man #597.

I've noticed this disturbing trend of depicting graphic violence and harsh language in Marvel titles now, and to be honest, it bugs me. Not to sound preachy or anything, but the main thing I used to really enjoy about Marvel was how accessible the titles were to all ages, and they didn't have any "Rated T+" or any other ratings stamped on the covers, they were just something that kids of a young age could read as well as the adults. I'd certainly be a bit leery about letting my child read these issues now. However, I'm sure the sales speak for themselves, so if it's what's speaking to the masses these days...

However, getting to #597, I'm liking the Dark Avengers, it's quite the lineup, and I'm going to have to track down the previous two issues to figure out what's going on. I was a little shocked when reading the Civil War trade, and seeing that Norman Osborn's alive again – I always liked him as the Goblin. Never knew Wolverine had a son, or that the Scorpion became Venom. What happened to Eddie Brock? See how far behind I am? Just call me "Rip Vaughn Winkle".

BTW, please don't resurrect Kraven the Hunter (if you haven't already). The "Death of Kraven" arc that ran six issues back in 1987 was one of the most brilliant and gripping Spidey tales of all time, and to resurrect him would lessen the impact of that truly fine story. I can't wait to see what's in store for #600. Wow, it seems like yesterday when I picked up #300!

It's been a long absence, so please don't disappoint!

Vaughn Allan
Calgary, Alberta

Vaughn, one thing that pretty much all Spidey fans can agree on no matter what is that the "Death of Kraven" story from way back in the Bon Jovi'd summer of 1987 is one of the greatest Spider-Man stories ever. Written by J.M. DeMatteis and drawn by Mike Zeck, it's a story every Spidey fan should check out. Particularly as we've introduced Kraven's widow and what looks to be his daughter in Spidey over the last year, that story is being used as a building block for several big stories coming up.

Dear Web-heads,

Do you believe in second chances? I am a life long spider fan, and this is my first time writing in so be gentle. I am one of those people who, after reading the first story arc of Brand New Day, stopped buying the book. I was terribly upset about Peter and MJ's wedding being retconned.

As time went on, I missed Spidey. When I saw my favorite Spider-Man artist John Romita Jr. was returning for the New Ways To Die story, I couldn't help myself. I bought those issues and to my surprise really enjoyed them. I also read Character Assassination and now I'm all aboard for American Son. The writing has been superb and the art has been well, marvelous.

This brings me to my issue with the current state of affairs…why no MJ? I have yet to see anything in these stories that could not take place if Mary Jane was still married to Peter (or at least having her as someone special in his life.). I know you have heard before from other older fans like me, that we like that as we have grown up, so has Peter. Their relationship and marriage has always been one of the great and unique things to happen to a comic character. I mean, c'mon, not many other comic heroes are married, and none of them have had as meaningful a relationship as Peter and MJ's.

Anyway, I believe in second chances, that's why I started picking up the book again. Hopefully, Marvel does too. There are many of us who can't wait to see Peter and MJ together again. I'm not suggesting you go all "Bobby Ewing" like the newspaper strip did, just give us a solid explanation for them to get together again and make it so. Then this book would go from a 9 to an 11.

So, keep up the good work! Until Norman Osborn scrubs dishes with his head, make mine Marvel!

Eric Schaen
Via E-mail

Have no fear, Eric. Mary Jane was never meant to be out of the book forever. I daresay we here at ASM HQ value the history she has with Pete even more than our critics do (hopefully you caught the recent trade paperback collection of many of MJ's greatest stories: "Spider-Man/Mary Jane: Face it Tiger, You Just Hit The Jackpot"). You bet your red hair that there are many more plans on the horizon for Pete's former love.

Dear Web-Heads,

Wow. All I can say now that I've finished issue #598. I mean, that's a heck of a cliff-hanger right there. I won't lie to you, I didn't think much of Spidey's title after some of last year's events, and I'm sure you guys are sick of hearing about that. However, American Son has boosted my expectations of this title! I just have three quick questions:

1. Will Joe Kelly be sticking around? Spider-Man's title needs the consistency and if Joe stuck around, there would be some great stories and there'd be a certain familiarity that I think is necessary.

2. Will Steve McNiven ever come back?

3. With Spider-Man #600 coming up, will there be any big plans?

Thanks for reviving this title, and I look forward to many more good reads!

Mike Smith
Ferndale, WA

1. Joe K. is back in the writing chair as we speak for this 2-part Black Cat story. He's also writing a one-shot Deadpool team-up in #611 as well as a top secret story for next spring. But if you really need a reason to buy every issue of Spidey, rest assured he's really writing this letter column also.

2. I wish. McNiven is finishing up his legendary run on Wolverine: Old Man Logan and has some big projects after that, but he's welcome back here any time…even if it's just to write one of these letter columns when Joe Kelly can't.

3-Well, Mike, by now I hope ya read #600. What did you think?

All right, folks…see ya in 7 days for the 2nd part of Black Cat Returns! In the meantime remember: Vote early! Vote often. Vote Bear Claw!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
9/4/09 (Happy birthday, Sydney!)

MARVEL
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Kelly
McKone
Melo

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

MEEEOW...

delgado

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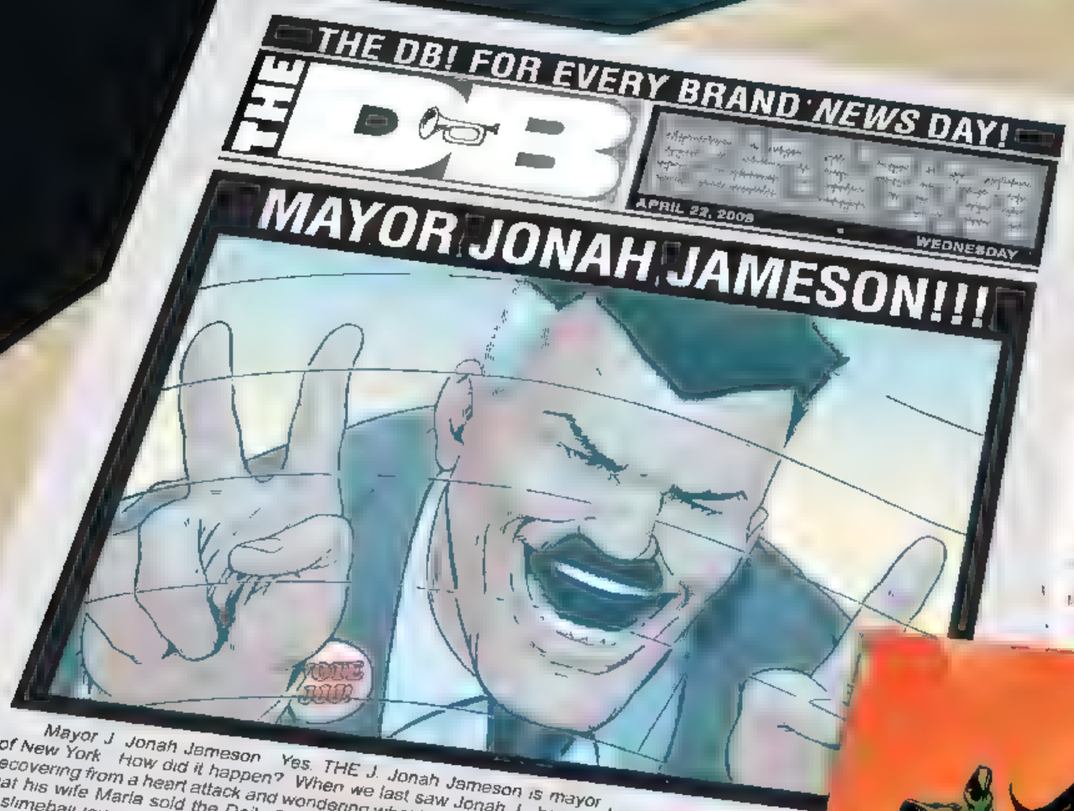
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN


THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
APRIL 22, 2008
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
YOINK JAM!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you – he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own, miss on cost them two months on Earth! And everyone Peter Parker ANYTHING can change – slightly expanded
UNDERW
UNDER SI
By Betty Br
What began as a
unrelated gangland
escalated to a full-fledg
crime organizations ac
their numbe

PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

I'm Peter Parker, and I have NOTHING but bad luck. My former foe-and-sometimes-flame the bewitching burglar Black Cat has powers that can spread bad luck. When it was our good luck to run into each other again, our respective bad lucks caused a perfect storm of bad luck that will eleven kinds of smelling salts to baffle me back into coherence.

So that's what's new with me! Yes, in the midst of Ex-Girlfriend month here in the Peter Parker-verse, I ran into The Black Cat who was breaking into the penthouse apartment of Dexter Bennett, DB owner and world renowned jerk. Before I could get any more info on why she was there, we were attacked by Diablo, an old Fantastic Four foe who's been blinding them with science-based magic for years.

Diablo escaped, but on our way out, I overheard the Cat talking to some boss on her phone – said Bennett was a "target, not a player." I went into find out more but...well..she made a move I didn't expect. Hope nobody was watching...

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Web-heads

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I AM NOT KNOWN FOR BRILLIANT DECISION MAKING, ESPECIALLY NOT IN THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT...

...WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN POUNDS OF READY, WILLING AND ABLE LYING ON TOP OF ME...

...THAT KNOWS EXACTLY HOW TO WHISPER IN MY EAR *AND* BREATHE ON MY NECK IN JUST THE RIGHT WAY...

"HOW ABOUT I BREAK INTO A NICE HOTEL ROOM AND YOU COME CATCH ME, SPIDER? I PROMISE I'LL PUT UP A FIGHT."

BUT FOR A CHANGE, I MADE THE RIGHT CALL...

...AND THAT'S ALL I'M GONNA SAY ABOUT THAT.

LONG-TERM ARRANGEMENT *Part 2*

WE DON'T TALK AFTER.

NOT ABOUT US.

NOT ABOUT WHY SHE WAS BREAKING INTO DEXTER BENNETT'S HOME OR WHY WE FOUND A CORPSE MADE OF STONE INSIDE.

NOT ABOUT DIABLO.

NOT ABOUT OUR "RELATIONSHIP."

I TRY TO. *BELIEVE ME.*

GETTING THIS CLOSE, *WITHOUT* THE MASK... SCARES ME MORE THAN A LITTLE. AND WHEN I'M SCARED, I LIKE TO *TALK...*

EVEN THOUGH THE ROOM IS PITCH BLACK AND THE SHADES ARE SO THICK THEY'D KEEP OUT *JULY*. EVEN THOUGH SHE *PROMISED* NOT TO LOOK.

TRUST, ESPECIALLY IN A *"THING"* AS WEIRD AS OURS...IS TOUGH TO COME BY.

BUT TALKING ISN'T HER THING. SHE JUST SIGHS, ROLLS OVER AND WHISPERS IN THE DARK...

JUST WAIT UNTIL THE MORNING...THEN WE CAN PLAY GROWN-UP.

EVEN THOUGH I KNOW WE'RE ***NOT*** PLAYING *"GROWN-UP"* AT ALL.

AND FOR REASONS I'M AFRAID TO CONSIDER, I AM SO TOTALLY OKAY TO DO JUST THAT.

AIEEEEEEEE

OH, CRUD!

OHGOOD GODI'MSORRY PLEASE DON'T FREAKI'MGOING I'MGONE!

YOULOOK LIKEALOVELYCOUPLE MAZELTOV!MANYHAPPY RETURNS! MYAUNTJUST GOTMARRIEDAND WOW THIS IS AWKWARD. PLEASE DON'T HATE ME...

UM...YOU MIGHT WANT TO CALL ROOM SERVICE BEFORE YOU PUT HER ON THE BED, CHIEF. SORRY. AGAIN.

AND WITH THAT GRACEFUL EXIT, I LAUGH MY HALF-CLAD BUTT OFF FOR TWENTY-FIVE BLOCKS BEFORE I REALIZE I JUST WOKE UP FROM THE BEST NIGHT'S SLEEP I'VE HAD IN MONTHS...

...WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF *GUILT*.

ON OCCASION, THE *UNIVERSE* FORGETS THAT I'M ITS FAVORITE PLAYTHING, SO THANKFULLY THERE ARE NO CRAZY LADIES WAITING AT MY APARTMENT...

WHICH IS *OUTSTANDING* BECAUSE IT TAKES A FEW HOURS FOR THE SMILE TO FINALLY FADE. *MICHELE* WOULD HAVE *POPPED* A VESSEL FOR SURE.

WITH THE WEBS BACK IN ORDER, I FOLLOW UP THE ONLY LEAD I HAVE DEXTER BENNETT:

THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH *YOU* DOESN'T IT?!

DB

IF *"TO DO WITH YOU"* MEANS *"ALMOST GOT MY FACE SLICED OFF"* THEN YES. OTHERWISE, MOST DEFINITELY *NO.*

I THINK SOMEONE WAS HOPING *YOU* WERE GOING TO GET ROASTED IN THAT FIRE--

INSTEAD OF THE BOOBY-TRAPPED DEAD GUY WHO WAS COLLECTING DUST IN YOUR *SAFE.*

MAYER...MY GOD, THAT'S BERNIE MAYER. WHAT WAS HE DOING IN MY SAFE?

I'VE MET A *TON* OF GUYS WHO WERE *"SHOCKED AND APPALLED"* TO DISCOVER THAT A DEAD BODY HAD BEEN FOUND AT THEIR ABODE...

...KNOWING FULL WELL HOW SAID CORPUS CAME TO HABEAS THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE...AND DEXTER BENNETT ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

I'VE GOT NO LOVE FOR THE GUY, BUT THIS HIT HIM LIKE A PUNCH TO THE GUT.

SO I EXPLAIN IT ALL...LEAVING OUT ONE PERTINENT... *PERSONAL* DETAIL.

THE CAT.

WE WERE *BUSINESS PARTNERS*... *BUILDERS.* ABOUT HALF OF THE NEW CONSTRUCTION IN THE '80s WAS US.

TWENTY YEARS AGO WE HAD A FALLING OUT. THERE WERE ELEMENTS OF HIS OPERATION I FOUND... DISTASTEFUL.

NOTHING *ILLEGAL,* PER SE. HE'D MADE SIDE DEALS THAT HE WOULDN'T EXPLAIN. SECURED MATERIALS *WAY* BELOW COST.

I GOT INTO THE BUSINESS FOR THE *TAX SHELTERS,* NOTHING ELSE. SO I LET HIM BUY ME OUT...*QUIETLY.*

MAYER WAS STILL A FRIEND, AND A PUBLIC SPLIT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE DEATH OF HIM.

SO YOU WEREN'T *ACTUALLY* HIS PARTNER ANY MORE?

ONLY ON THE LETTERHEAD...NO ONE BUT MY ACCOUNTANT KNEW.

SPIDER-MAN, WHAT'S BETWEEN US ASIDE... BERNIE WAS A GOOD MAN.

I SHOULD HOPE THAT SOME *JUSTICE* MIGHT BE DONE IN HIS NAME.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN. MEANWHILE, YOU STAY--

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

OH... YOU...YOU HAVEN'T SEEN?

IF IT'S ANY COMFORT, WE DIDN'T BREAK THIS ONE.

IT'S ALL OVER THE WEB.

SORRY... IT'S JUST *BUSINESS.*

THE DB!

A REAL SWINGER

THE DB! NATION!...HELL'S KITCHEN HEROICS!....A NEW JOB FOR HOLLISTER?...."SEWN UP" AN NYC RATINGS SENSATION!...

"JUST BUSINESS." OKAY. RIGHT.

I PUT ALL OF THE ANGER AND SHOCK AND EMBARRASSMENT INTO A LITTLE BOX AND PROMISE NOT TO OPEN IT UNTIL LATER. I ALSO PROMISE TO SEND BENNETT A FLAMING BAG OF POO FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.

BACK TO *BUSINESS*... *MAYER'S* BUSINESS...

AND *MY* BUSINESS SCOPING OUT MAYER'S WAREHOUSE.

BENNETT'S NO SAINT, BUT I THINK HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, SO THE QUESTION IS WHAT WAS GOING ON IN DIABLO'S OVER-DECORATED HEAD?

WAS HE AFTER BENNETT AND MAYER FOR *REVENGE?* WAS IT A PROFESSIONAL *HIT?* AND THE BIG ONE...

WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH *HER?*

YOU CAN COME OUT, CAT. I KNOW YOU'RE THERE.

BUT ABOUT THAT *UNDERWEAR*...

WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT FROM THAT *LEDGER BOOK* YOU STOLE FROM BENNETT?

THAT HE HAD A GHOST INTEREST IN *THIS PLACE*, WHICH HAPPENS TO HAVE BEEN THE SOURCE OF MORE THAN ONE *CITY INVESTIGATION*...

IMPRESSIVE. I THOUGHT YOUR SPIDER-SENSE ONLY KICKED ON WHEN YOU'RE IN *DANGER.*

TRUE...

BUT I JUST ACCIDENTALLY SQUOOSHED A FISTFUL OF *RAT POOP* AT THE EXACT MOMENT MY UNDERWEAR *RIPPED.*

THAT KIND OF LUCK CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. WE COULD BE BREAKING INTO A *CIRCUS.* THEY HAVE *ELEPHANTS.* YOU MIGHT HAVE *DROWNED.*

BUT SINCE YOUR *BREATHING* JUST GOT ALL CHOPPY AGAIN, SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK WE'RE HAVING *THAT* CONVERSATION.

CAT, SERIOUSLY. A MAN'S *DEAD*...I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON--

WHAT WERE YOU DOING LAST NIGHT?

HONEY, IF YOU'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN THEN EITHER I'M LOSING MY TOUCH OR YOU HAVE EARLY ALZHEIMER'S.

RING RING

AT BENNETT'S. YOU KNOW...YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET ME BE SERIOUS NOW, ARE YOU?

NOT REALLY, NO. I ASSUME YOU STILL HAVE A GOOD SENSE OF BALANCE...

RING RING

NOT AT THE MOMENT. YOU'RE THROWING ME WAY OFF--

THEN JUST *LET GO* AND LET ME TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

CAT...DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO DOWN THIS ROAD AGAIN?

RING RING

YES... BECAUSE IT'S *FUN*. BECAUSE *I MISSED YOU*.

BECAUSE EVERYONE NEEDS *SOMETHING* TO GET THEM OUT OF THEIR LIFE ONCE IN A WHILE--

RING RING

WHY ISN'T ANYONE ANSWERING THAT PHONE?

DAMN IT. I HATE FIGHTING WHEN I'M FRISKY.

RING RING

In The Main Office Below.

<H<I3

ALL OF YOU...REST... FORGET...

RING RING

"DO ME ONE FAVOR."

"ANYTHING."

"STAND IN THE CORNER."

"WHY?"

"IT'S NOT 'WHY' TIME. JUST DO IT."

"THIS CORNER?"

"NO, THE ONE WAAAAAAAAY OVER THERE. CLOSER TO JERSEY. *PLEASE.*"

"SHOULD I POSE TOO?"

"NO...JUST THINK HAPPY, LUCKY THOUGHTS. THANK YOU."

"I NEED TO GO ANSWER THE PHONE."

SPIDER FRA DIABLO COMIN' UP!

NNNGH!

SO LET ME GUESS...YOU WANT TO EXPAND THE *DIABLO-LAIR* AND YOU'RE LOOKING OVER FLOOR PLANS.

MAYBE PUTTING IN A NICE KITCHEN... CUSTOM HARD-WOOD *LAB* WITH GRANITE *COUNTERTOPS* WITH A LITTLE BLOOD GROOVE FOR *HUMAN SACRIFICE?*

OR MAYBE YOU'RE HERE TO *KILL MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE?*

YOU HAVE NO IDEA...I OPERATE ON A PLANE FAR ABOVE YOUR COMPREHENSION.

SO *ENLIGHTEN US,* SWEETHEART.

WHILE I'M STILL WILLING TO LISTEN.

RRRGH!

SCHRIP

THWIP

QUICK RECAP. *YOU. CORNER. ME.* NOT TRIPPING OR DISLOCATING OR DISEMBOWELING MYSELF...RINGING A BELL?

NOBODY PUTS BABY IN THE CORNER...

THAT'S "SAY *ANYTHING?"*

EEW, "*DIRTY DANCING.*"

OH, YEAH, I'M A LITTLE RUSTY ON CHICK FLICK QUOTABLES...

NOT ENOUGH TIME SPENT WITH *CHICKS.* WE CAN *CHANGE* THAT.

...BUT MY *POINT* IS, "*BABY*" DIDN'T HAVE BAD LUCK POWERS.

THEY'RE UNDER CONTROL. REALLY.

THWIP

PRA

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS LUCK.

UH, BOY...

$2Ca_3Si_2O_5 + 7H_2O \rightarrow 3CaO \cdot 2SiO_2 \cdot 4H_2O + 3Ca(OH)_2 + 173.6kJ$

ONLY SCIENCE...

PHYSICS.

CHEMISTRY...

WITH THREE HUNDRED EXTRA POUNDS OF *CONCRETE* STUCK TO MY ANKLE, SOMETHING GOES *POP* IN MY KNEE, AND SUDDENLY...

I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OF THE *FUN PARTS* OF HOOKING UP WITH THE BLACK CAT.

"UNDER CONTROL?!"

YOU LEFT HIS HANDS FREE! JUST GO!

YEAGHH!

KRRRRRRRKT

AND *PATIENCE.* WE MUST NEVER FORGET *PATIENCE.*

HILARIOUS.

YOU *IDIOTS* STUMBLED ONTO AN *EXPERIMENT* OF MINE THAT'S BEEN RUNNING FOR *TWENTY YEARS*...

NNNGH!

YOU ARE AN *INSIGNIFICANT VARIABLE*. EASILY *ACCOUNTED FOR*...

A SPECK OF *DUST* IN A *VAT* OF MOLTEN *GOLD*.

AND NOW THE *STEEL PIPES* CAN *FLOAT*.

GOOD THING YOU'RE SO *FLEXIBLE*--

SSSSH!

NOT... NOW--

NNNGH!

KISS IT AND MAKE IT BETTER--?

SERIOUSLY, IS YOUR *COMPULSIVE FLIRTING* SOME FORM OF *TOURETTE'S*, CAUSE NOW'S *REALLY* NOT THE TIME.

FOR YOU. A GIFT.

HOLD YOUR BREATH--!

YOU DON'T LOOK *HAPPY.*

SO MANY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT *LOVERS DEMANDED* TO BE BURIED *TOGETHER* IN *CASKETS* OF *GOLD*...

GOLD. *GOLD.*

THE PSYCHOPATH WITH THE WORLD'S WORST HABERDASHER CAN TURN AIR INTO GOLD...AND I STICK TO WALLS. THE UNIVERSE IS REALLY #$%@& FUNNY SOMETIMES.

THERE ENDS THE KVETCHING...NOW BACK TO *BREATHING*... WHICH ISN'T EXACTLY HAPPENING SO GOOD.

ALAS, I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU TWO, BUT MY *GIFT* WON'T LAST. AS YOUR BRAINS AND BODIES SLOWLY BREAK DOWN WITH NO *OXYGEN* TO REPLENISH THEM...

...SO TOO WILL THIS *GOLD* DISSIPATE...ALBEIT WELL *AFTER* YOU EXPIRE.

EVERYTHING I MAKE BREAKS DOWN IN TIME...

BUT HOW *MUCH* TIME... AH, THAT IS THE TWIST AND THE *POWER* IN MY WORK.

ALL OF MY *CREATIONS* BREAK DOWN IN TIME...SOME FASTER THAN OTHERS.

DON'T PANIC. YOU GOT AIR. STAY COOL...

DON'T WONDER IF SHE HAD A LUNGFUL OF O_2. JUST *PUSH.*

YOUR *CORPSES* WILL FALL FROM THIS MASS IN ABOUT AN HOUR. EVEN BEFORE THE EMPLOYEES AROUND US AWAKEN.

OTHER MATERIALS I FABRICATE...MIGHT ENDURE FOR DECADES BEFORE THE INEVITABLE.

BREAK, DAMN IT! *BREAK!*

NATURE ALWAYS HAS HER WAY. TRY AS WE MIGHT, MAN CANNOT CONQUER HER, THOUGH IT IS THE TRUE DREAM OF ANY ALCHEMIST...

CAN'T *MOVE.* *CAN'T--CAT! CAT!*

...TO ENACT ONE IMMUTABLE CHANGE AND PROVE HE'S SMARTER THAN NATURE.

BUT UNTIL THEN... *PATIENCE* WILL SUFFICE...

PATIENCE AND MY EXPERIMENTS, OF WHICH YOU HAVE NOW BECOME A PART.

SHE'S FADING... GOD, NO...

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, THE *PARTICULAR* EXPERIMENT YOU'VE JOINED IS RATHER *AMBITIOUS*.

THEY'LL BE *PUZZLING* OVER THIS ONE FOR *YEARS*, AND I--

WHOOPS.

GOOD GIRL.

NO!

BAD LUCK.

IT'S *HOT* WHEN IT HAPPENS TO SOMEONE ELSE.

IF I WASN'T GASPING FOR BREATH, THE *SCIENCE GEEK* IN ME WOULD YELL OUT *AQUA REGIA*...THE COMPOUND USED TO DISSOLVE AND REFINE GOLD...

BUT A GASPING GEEK I REMAIN, SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR KICKING DIABLO'S BUTT INSTEAD.

CAT! PURR FOR ME, KIDDO!

FUNT

FUNT

NNGH

MY STOMACH DROPS. THERE'S NO WITTY RETORT. NO SASSY COMEBACK--

FELICIA...

IGNORE DIABLO. JUST GET HER BREATHING. JUST--

...

THAT HAS TO BE THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN SLIPPED THE TONGUE DURING C.P.R.

HOW 'BOUT WE BEAT THE STUFFING OUT OF THE BAD GUY FIRST?

INSTINCT. YOU CAN STILL DO THE CHEST COMPRESSIONS IF YOU WANT.

SPOILSPORT.

CONGRATULATIONS... YOU ENJOY ANOTHER DAY OF *MEDIOCRITY*--

WHY DID YOU KILL MAYER? WHAT'S THE BIG *"EXPERIMENT"*?

WEREN'T YOU LISTENING?

PATIENCE. BUT LOOK AT IT THIS WAY--

I WAITED 20 YEARS...

YOU'LL WATCH IT UNFOLD ON TOMORROW'S NEWS.

POOF

PRETTY RUDE OF HIM NOT TO SPILL THE MASTER PLAN WHEN HE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DIE.

I DON'T THINK HE READ THE HANDBOOK.

NO TALKY... THINKY TIME...

GUY'S GOT AN EGO THE SIZE OF BROOKLYN. EVEN IF HE DIDN'T SAY EXACTLY WHAT THE "EXPERIMENT" WAS, HE SAID PLENTY...

FISHING AROUND OLD FILES IN MAYER'S *CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.* BENNETT BROKE IT OFF WITH MAYER TWENTY YEARS AGO OVER A SHADY DEAL... *TWENTY YEARS...*

"CHEAP MATERIALS..."

"NOTHING LASTS..."

OH MY GOD.

Back at the DB offices.

STEEL. IT WAS STEEL.

I HEARD YOU IN THERE, SPIDER...

MAYER GOT HIS HANDS ON 20,000 TONS OF STEEL AT A SIGNIFICANT DISCOUNT, BUT REFUSED TO TELL BENNETT WHERE IT CAME FROM.

"...THIS ISN'T JUST A FANCY EARRING."

"THE STEEL TESTED PERFECTLY, BUT BENNETT COULDN'T STAND THE BACK ROOM DEAL.

"BUT IT WASN'T PERFECT. IT WAS DIABLO STEEL... AND AS HE PUT IT, *'NOTHING LASTS.'*"

SO THAT'S IT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK IS A BUILDING WHOSE STEEL IS ABOUT TO GO POOF. TODAY.

AND WITHOUT MAYER'S RECORDS, WE HAVE NO CLUE *WHICH* BUILDING IT IS OR WHY THAT PSYCHO--

DO YOU TRUST ME, SPIDER?

CAT, IT'S NOT PLAYTIME. THIS IS--

SERIOUS. I KNOW...AND I THINK I CAN FIGURE THIS OUT. BUT I HAVE TO PUT THE LAST PIECES TOGETHER ***ALONE*** AND I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY.

CAN YOU HANDLE THAT..?

...

LAST NIGHT, DID YOU KEEP THE LIGHTS OFF LIKE YOU PROMISED? DID YOU LOOK AT MY FACE?

EWW. ABSOLUTELY NOT.

THEN I TRUST YOU.

THANK YOU. I NEED AN HOUR. MEANWHILE...

GET AS MUCH ***WEBBING*** AS YOU CAN SPIN.

THE END

"LET GO," SHE WHISPERED TO ME BEFORE, AND I DID. NO CLUE WHY, WE'VE HURT ONE ANOTHER BEFORE, BUT SOMETHING ABOUT BLACK CAT...WITH HER I CAN LET GO...

AND WHEN I DO, GOOD THINGS HAPPEN. AN HOUR LATER, SHE FINDS ME, RATTLES OFF AN ADDRESS...

...BEFORE I EVEN START WEBBING, THE PLACE IS HALF EVACUATED. ALL OF NEW YORK'S FINEST AND BRAVEST ON THE SCENE.

WHATEVER BALL OF YARN SHE'S PLAYING WITH, CAT PULLED SOME BIG STRINGS.

AS MAYOR, I BUILT A CORNERSTONE OF MY PLATFORM ON KEEPING THE PEOPLE OF THIS FINE CITY SAFE.

TODAY, YOU SEE THAT I AM A MAN WHO KEEPS HIS PROMISES, WHOSE INTELLIGENCE GATHERING NETWORK STRETCHES FAR AND WIDE--

YOU'RE WELCOME, JONAH!!

WHOOULFF!

HE *DOES* LIKE TO HEAR HIMSELF TALK, DOESN'T HE?

HOW? IT'S KILLING ME... *HOW?*

BECAUSE WE MAKE SUCH A *DELICIOUS* TEAM?

NOOOOOOO.

FEMALE INTUITION?

NO!

BUILDING IS CLEAR! FULL SWEEP COMPLETE! FALL BACK!

"BECAUSE *MAYBEEE* YOUR LITTLE KITTY HAS HER PAWS IN MORE *PIES* THAN YOU'RE AWARE OF?"

"WARMER..."

WALK ME THROUGH...

DIABLO KILLED MAYER AND WENT FOR BENNETT TO MAKE THEM *DISAPPEAR.*

SO THAT WHEN THE BUILDING FELL IT WOULD LOOK LIKE THEY HAD SOMETHING TO *HIDE.*

MMMMHMM. LIKE *THIS* FUN FACT. THERE ARE *FORTY SEPARATE* BUSINESSES OPERATING IN THIS BUILDING...

ALL SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE OPERATIONS CARRYING *WICKED HUGE* INSURANCE POLICIES AGAINST *CATOSTROPHIC DAMAGE.*

"ARE YOU MAKING A PUN?"

"NO. *CATASTROPHIC* LIKE *'ACT OF GOD'*, EARTHQUAKE, COLLAPSE... PURCHASED 20 YEARS AGO FOR *PENNIES* WHEN THE BUILDING WAS SHINY AND NEW."

"AND WE KNOW THAT *HOW?"*

"BECAUSE *MAYBE* ONCE WE MADE THE CONNECTION FROM DIABLO TO BENNETT TO MAYER, I WAS ABLE TO CALL ON SOME *SPECIAL FRIENDS* WITH ACCESS TO *SPECIAL RECORDS* IN CITY HALL--"

"*OUR* CITY HALL. *MANHATTAN'S* CITY HALL--"

"OKAY, I'M SKIPPING TO THE GOOD PART BECAUSE YOU DON'T APPRECIATE THE NUANCE OF MY WORK.

"THE COMBINED VALUE OF THESE NOTHING POLICIES? *NINE BILLION DOLLARS* SPLIT BETWEEN SEEMINGLY UNRELATED COMPANIES...

"BUT WHILE *DIABLO* KNOWS HIS CHEMISTRY, HE DOESN'T KNOW *JACK* ABOUT MODERN *DATA TRACKING.*

"*INSURANCE FRAUD? TWENTY YEARS* IN THE MAKING... DANG. THE GUY'S THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND AT THE END OF THE DAY HE'S JUST ANOTHER CROOK.

"SO WHY DO YOU SUDDENLY HAVE *'SPECIAL FRIENDS'* IN CITY HALL--"

"THAT'S *CLASSIFIED."*

"*'CLASSIFIED.'*"

"I HAVE MY *REPUTATION* TO THINK OF."

"*'REPUTATION?'*"

I CAN THINK OF A MUCH BETTER USE OF YOUR LIPS THAN REPEATING EVERYTHING I'M SAYING...CAN'T YOU?

YES. YES I CAN...I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE WAS WORKING FOR OR WHY THEY WERE AFTER BENNETT...AND I DON'T GIVE A DARN.

"SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN,CAT... THIS IS GOING TO END BADLY, ISN'T IT?"

"SPIDER...IT ALREADY *DID* END BADLY, AND GUESS WHAT? WE BOTH *SURVIVED.*

"HERE WE ARE WITH A MIRACULOUS SECOND CHANCE TO HAVE A LITTLE *FUN* IF WE JUST LET GO ENOUGH NOT TO SCREW IT UP."

"AND HOW DO WE DO THAT, MISS RELATIONSHIP EXPERT?"

"JUST BE WHO WE *ARE.* TWO CONSENTING *SUPER HEROES* WITH A LITTLE *HISTORY* HAVING A LITTLE *FUN* ONE NIGHT AT A TIME...

"MAYBE AN AFTERNOON IF WE'RE NOT BUSY PUNCHING SOMEONE IN THE FACE. NOTHING *MORE.* NOTHING *LESS.*"

"YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO EASY."

"IT *IS* EASY, SPIDER. EASY AS *FALLING,* BABY. JUST DO ME A FAVOR..?"

KEEP THE *MASK ON* THIS TIME.

I AM IN *SO* MUCH TROUBLE.

THE MAYOR'S DEPARTMENT OF INVESTIGATIONS TAKING THE CREDIT FOR NOT ONLY SAVING HUNDREDS OF LIVES--

BUT ALSO BILLIONS OF DOLLARS BY IDENTIFYING THE SHELL COMPANIES AND FREEZING THEIR INSURANCE POLICIES PENDING INVESTIGATION--

YEAAAGH!

KRSSSSH

DON'T BE MAD, MAKER-MAN.

??

SOMETIMES LIFE DOESN'T FOLLOW SIMPLE *EQUATIONS*... SOMETIMES OUR BIG DREAMS FALL DOWN. BUT AS THE *WEAVER* LIKES TO SAY...

"SO LONG AS THERE'S *LIFE*...THERE'S *HOPE*."

I THINK IT'S THE OTHER WAY...IF YOU HAVE *HOPE*...MAYBE YOU CAN *MAKE LIFE*.

MY NAME IS ANA KRAVINOV.

MY MOTHER WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.

Next: Who Was Ben Reilly?

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

TOM BRENNAN — ASST EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER — EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT — EXECUTIVE EDITOR
JOE QUESADA — EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC PRODUCER

What a week here at the Spidey home offices in dank, rainy downtown New York. Children of editors starting school, corporate buyouts, competing publishers resigning, Brennan commenting wryly about current events with his pal in collections John Denning. How exciting.

And you knuckleheads out there in the reader-sphere don't stop writing. Apparently opinions are just like encounters with Brevoort's beard…everyone's had one and they all—HEY! There's a cheese sandwich stuck in that beard! Must be Thursday.

So with that, let's see what's on your mind.

Good day to thee, Spider-Mail-handlers,

(Wacker note: This is the LAST time I allow "Renaissance Faire Speak" in one of my columns. Don't do it again or else I'll have Slott drop Spidey down a well and this book will just become the adventures of me making lists of Duran Duran songs while trying on corduroy pants. Action ("Wacktion"?) in the Mighty Marvel Manner!)

I just put down American Son Part 1, and I have to say: Best. Story. Yet.

It's nice to see that Spider-man once again has a sole nemesis that he will have to best. I mean, I've been reading Spider-Man since the mid-'90s, and the likes of Traveller, The Jackal, After-First-Death-Normie and all that was what really made Spider-Man interesting for me. I cannot wait to see how this turns out!

I was a bit let down by the lack of a strong story arc with BND, but the change of pace and mood was definitely appreciated, given the dark theme of OMD and the Civil War. I look forward to an excellently long series and long read.

Make Mine Marvel!

Jonathan Sim
Via e-mail

Dear Spidey-office,

I'm a longtime reader, but I've never taken the time to write in before. (Well, that's not true. I wrote in once when I was about eight. I put the letter in the mailbox but I forgot a stamp. And I think I mailed it to the wrong place anyways. It was just a letter filled with spelling errors and pleas to tell me who Jack O'Lantern was.)

I'm now 20 years old. I've been reading Spider-Man comics for about as long as I have been able to read. I own all the Essential Spider-Man volumes, and plenty of back issues. Needless to say I'm a big fan.

I'm in the Army stationed in Germany right now and I've been really homesick with everything being so different from Southern California. All the comic shops carry is Spider-Man in German (who woulda thought?) and they are six months old anyways. Even though I have to spend about ten bucks when I buy them off the internet, it's worth it. Getting my weekly copy of Amazing Spider-Man is the one thing that makes me feel like I'm home again.

Anyways, on to the thing that compelled me to write in after all these years of silence: Amazing Spider-Man #596. Not because Pete's finally taking it to Norman (though I've been saying he needs to go after him hard way before Character Assassination), but because the scene of Pete talking to a grave. I figured it'd be Uncle Ben…AGAIN…sigh. But this time it was Gwen Stacy's grave! And then he said he loved her! I was so excited. I always said that if I ever got to write Spider-Man, I'd make it be 100% clear that his true love was Gwen.

I never liked Mary Jane. I've always felt she was just Pete's second choice and that if Gwen had actually come back (and not a clone), he would have picked her. So to make a long story short, I just want to say thank you for that, and most of all, thank you for putting out your wonderful weekly mag that never fails to make me feel better.

Real quick though, can you guys please, please, bring back Dr. Octopus. Please bring him back, and make him really sock it to Spidey. Again thanks for everything.

Anthony Sinibaldi
Somewhere in Germany

Anthony I know you're a few issues behind so I'm happy to tell you that your wish indeed comes true in issue #600 with the return of Doctor Octopus. In the story, we find out that Gwen is back and never actually liked Pete. She marries Doc Ock and they move to Germany and start a mail order comic book business. Hope you like it!

Dear Steve and Brennan,

I just read ASM #598, and three letters and one word came to mind: W-O-W! It was very suspenseful trying to see Norman unmask Spider-Man. The big reveal, with Norman being the father was great.

There was one thing bugging me though. Peter said that Harry is Norman's only son. However, there is a certain Gabriel Stacy who shares a father with Harry. With Gab not being seen since his escape in Sins Remembered, he is still around somewhere. However he may be in Avenger Tower! The name above one of the test subjects was "G Stacy." Is that Gabriel Stacy?

It makes sense that Norman would have his other son as a backup in case Harry says. "no". Plus, Norman can spin this in the media by saying that he loved Gwen Stacy and had kids with her. Then he would pin Gwen's death on Spider-Man. Definitely something Norman would do. Am I close?

Georgios Zavolas
Via e-mail

Spider-People,

Is that Gabriel Stacy in the tube behind Harry's head on page 13 of #598? I was hoping with the One More Day storyline all that Norman/Gwen garbage never really happened. It never made sense that Gwen would have a fling with a nut job like Norman. Beautiful young girl. Crazy, old, bad-hair guy. Next thing you know, we'll find out Norman had the real Gwen all along and the one that died in 121 was actually a clone. He'd been keeping her hidden all that time to bring her out at a later date to screw with Pete. When Mephisto changed the time line in One More Day, Norman suddenly found himself with a captive Gwen, but couldn't remember why. She's been stuffed away in a closet all this time. Yeesh.

Actually, you guys could probably figure out some way to make the above farce sound plausible. Bring back Gwen! Sorry. Lost it there for a moment.

Rob Shelor
via e-mail

Sorry to break it to you, Rob, but those stories still happened. There have been dozens of Spidey stories over the years that were as controversial as they were effective – the kinds of stories people debate decades after they see print – and we're pretty sure, Sins Past will still be talked about years from now, both positively and negatively.

And that tube you're referring to just said "G. Stacy." We ain't saying who …or *what*… is in it…yet.

Spidey-Office,

I just have one question: Why did it take this long to get Joe Kelly to write Spider-Man? We had to go through Deadpool, then X-Men (which was good, but again, he was meant for Spidey). Then it was Steampunk with perfect Spidey collaborator: Chris Bachalo. But then , no Kelly-written Spidey except for the 3 issue tease in Web-Slingers several years back. Flashfoward to his long run at DC. All good stuff--but come on now!

So like, what? 10+ years and only now you guys get it? As we enjoy the current story arc, let's still be vigilant and not miss the boat like last time.

Steve Grzesik
Via e-mail

This is surprising to me. I had no idea Joe Kelly even wrote comics before I found him in Union Square in a curry splattered, oversized Mets jersey (no pants) selling pictures of himself posing angrily with aging hippies. Boy, ya think ya know someone. I'll check out some of these old Joe Kelly comics though. I like watching them mighty fall.

And finally a quick, friendly plug for a new television series written by Spidey Web-head Marc Guggenheim (author of the "Who Was Ben Reilly" 3-parter that starts next issue). It's called FlashForward and from everything Marc has told us, it sounds like it's going to be one of the most exciting new shows on TV this year (well, aside from Marvel's new Super Hero Squad cartoon). FlashForward is on Thursdays on ABC, so find your local channel, grab some popcorn and check it out.

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve

NEXT ISSUE:

W.W.B.R.!

Send e-mail to [redacted] (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

MARVEL 608.com

GUGGENHEIM
CHECCHETTO
ROSS

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

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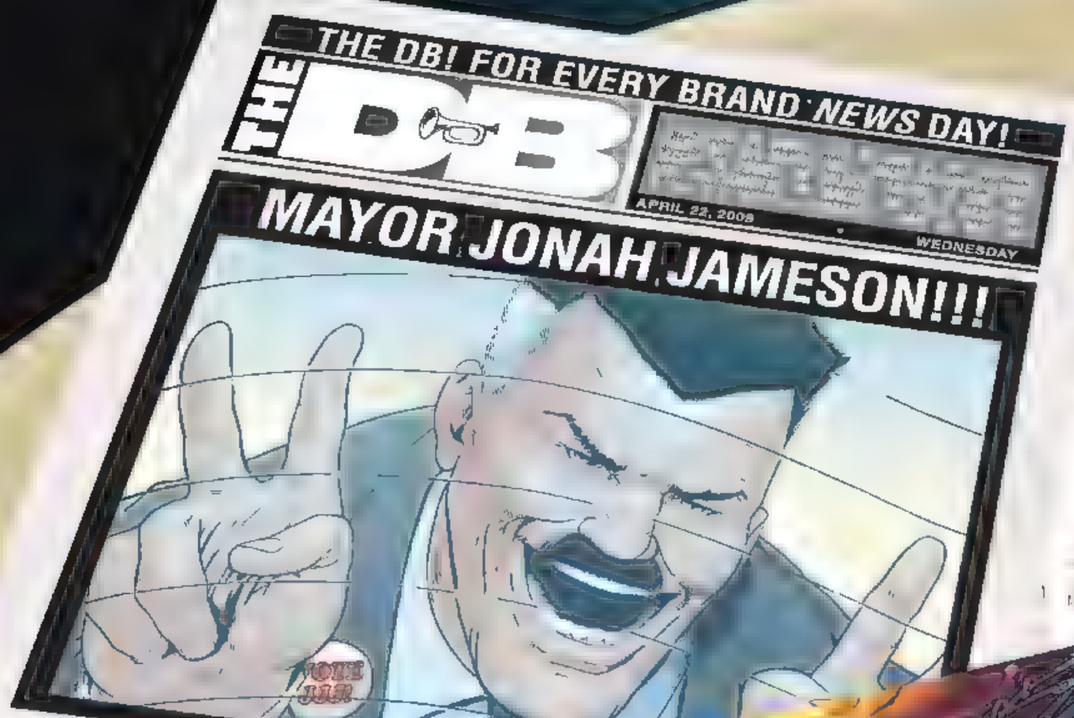
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN


THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
APRIL 22, 2008
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you; he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker ANYTHING can change – his rent, his love life, even his circle of friends. A base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear – J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker and archenemy to Spider-Man, is now Chief
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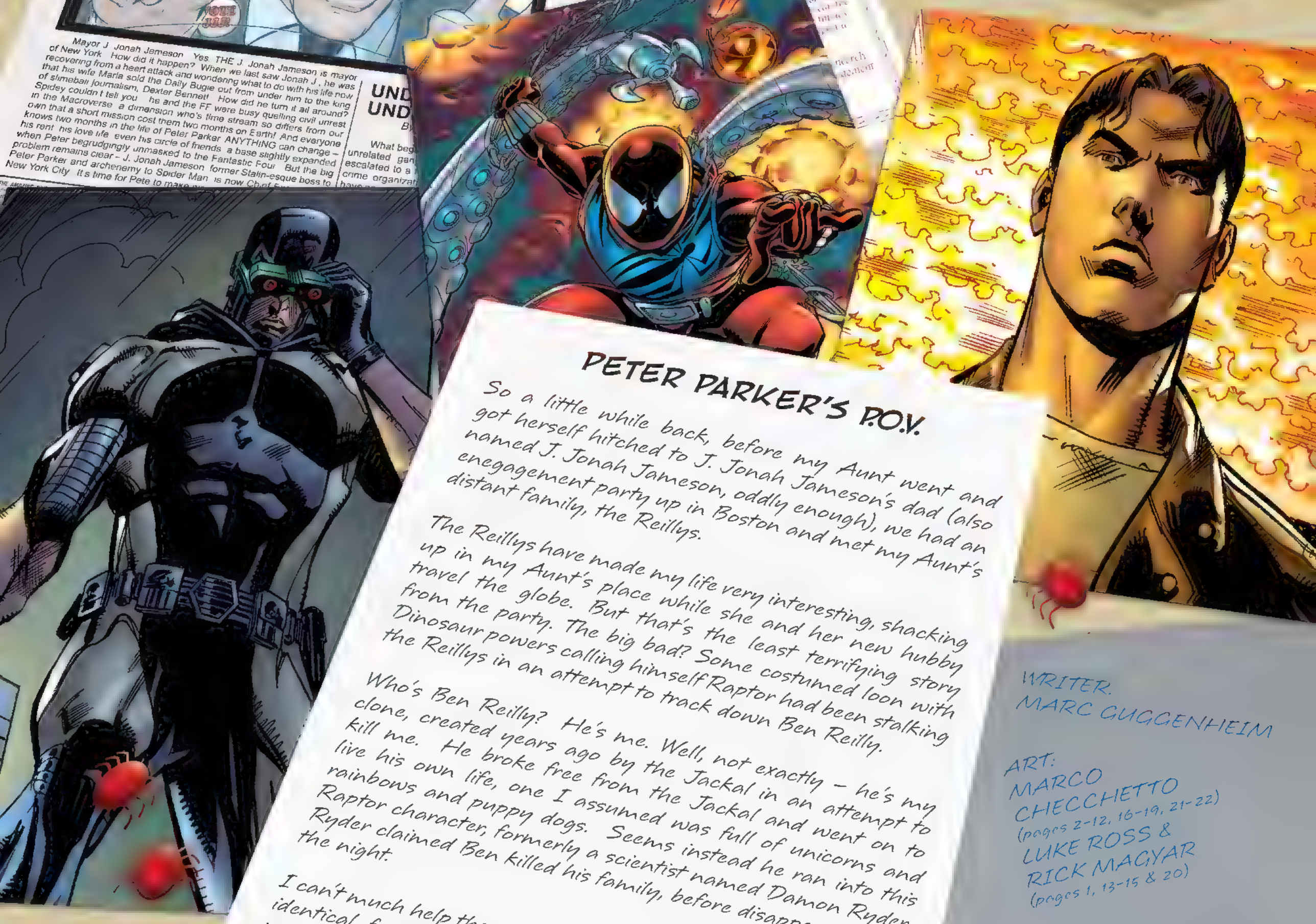

PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

So a little while back, before my Aunt went and got herself hitched to J. Jonah Jameson's dad (also named J. Jonah Jameson, oddly enough), we had an enegagement party up in Boston and met my Aunt's distant family, the Reillys.

The Reillys have made my life very interesting, shacking up in my Aunt's place while she and her new hubby travel the globe. But that's the least terrifying story from the party. The big bad? Some costumed loon with Dinosaur powers calling himself Raptor had been stalking the Reillys in an attempt to track down Ben Reilly.

Who's Ben Reilly? He's me. Well, not exactly – he's my clone, created years ago by the Jackal in an attempt to kill me. He broke free from the Jackal and went on to live his own life, one I assumed was full of unicorns and rainbows and puppy dogs. Seems instead he ran into this Raptor character, formerly a scientist named Damon Ryder. Ryder claimed Ben killed his family, before disappearing into the night.

I can't much help the guy – Ben Reilly died years ago. But the identical face/voice/all-around-handsome features we share make a hard sell. You'd think a dude with Dinosaur powers might believe a story about clones, but no.

So I've got my guard up for him. With my run of luck lately – Doc Ock and the Chameleon popping back on the scene, and my old sometimes-foe/sometimes-flame the Black Cat back on the scene, I can't imagine I'm getting a repriev anytime soon...

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(pages 2-12, 16-19, 21-22)
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Web-heads

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Then.

THANKS FOR COMING IN.

NO PROBLEM, DOCTOR RYDER. THANKS FOR INTERVIEWING ME.

I GOTTA TELL YOU--I'VE BEEN *DYING* HERE WITHOUT A LAB ASSISTANT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE--

HE WAS *KILLED*. LAB ACCIDENT. EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY.

TRAGIC.

KIDDING. I'M KIDDING. NO, HE DECIDED HE WANTED TO TRANSFER TO ITHACA TO BE WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.

BUT I'D SAY THIS IS WHAT YOU'D CALL A TEXTBOOK--PARDON THE PUN--CASE OF "*TRADING UP.*"

PROFESSOR EPSTEIN JUST *RAVES* ABOUT YOU, MR. REILLY.

PLEASE, DR. RYDER...

CALL ME *BEN.*

Benjamin Reilly
Pager: (503)-555-0435

Experience

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Now.

NEW YORK FREAKIN' CITY! HOME OF 24-HOUR CHINESE FOOD, LAX ETHICAL STANDARDS FOR ASSISTANT EDITORS AND THE INTERNET-READY THRILL-SEEKING CRIMINAL!

SCREWBALL!

COULD WE PLEASE DO THIS AT STREET LEVEL? I'M SCARED OF HEIGHTS!!!

C'MON, YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN, HOW--?

I KID. I KID BECAUSE I LOVE.

CRAK

I HIT, HOWEVER, BECAUSE I'VE FOUND THAT'S GENERALLY THE BEST WAY TO TAKE OUT BAD GUYS.

I'M NOT A BAD GUY.

IN THAT CASE, YOU WON'T MIND RETURNING THE TEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BEARER BONDS YOU--

--FINGER QUOTES--

--"FOUND" IN THAT INVESTMENT FIRM.

I DIDN'T FIND THEM, I *STOLE* THEM.

YES, THAT WAS THE GENERAL POINT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE.

IT'S CALLED *SARCASM*. I CAN'T BANTER WITH A BAD GUY WHO DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

FOR THE GAJILLIONTH TIME, I'M *NOT* A "BAD GUY," I'M A *PERFORMANCE ARTIST*. THE WORLD'S FIRST LIVE-BLOGGING SUPER VILLAIN.

I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT "SUPER VILLAINS" ARE BAD GUYS.

TELL THAT TO THE EIGHTEEN MILLION PEOPLE WHO SUBSCRIBE TO MY WEBSITE.

FINE.

SHE'S A BAD GUY, FOLKS. YOU SHOULD STOP GIVING HER ATTENTION AND USE THE INTERNET FOR WHAT IT WAS INVENTED FOR.

VIRAL MARKETING AND ONLINE COMMERCE?

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NOPE.

USING THE GOOGLES TO FIND NORMAN OSPORN. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

OBVIOUSLY, YOU HAVEN'T CHECKED OUT THE AGE-RESTRICTED PAGES ON MY SITE.

DOWNLOAD

SCREWBALL LIVE

AND HERE I THOUGHT MARRYING AUNT MAY WAS THE GROSSEST THING ONE OF MY SUPER VILLAINS COULD DO...

HEY, SPIDEY-- MIND IF I CALL YOU "SPIDEY"?--I'VE GOT A QUESTION: WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, CATCHING ME OR RETURNING STOLEN PROPERTY?

WHO SAYS I CAN'T DO BOTH?

JUST MY GOOD OLD FRIEND...

WHO?

GRAVITY!

WITH GREAT POWER MUST COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY... AND A LOT OF PAINS IN MY WEBBED BUTT!

OH, COME ON!

I HATE MY JOB SOMETIMES, I REALLY DO.

I DUNNO, PETER...

The Offices of Front Line.

THIS FIGHT BETWEEN SPIDER-MAN AND SCREWBALL'S ALREADY ALL OVER THE 'NET. IT'S GONE *VIRAL*.

WE GO TO PRESS WITH THESE, AND WE'RE LITERALLY PUBLISHING YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, URICH, IS, THAT'S A "NO" ON PAYING ME FOR THESE.

THINK OF IT MORE AS AN "*OBJECT LESSON*" IN WHY NEWSPAPERS ARE *DYING*--LOOK AT THE DB! AND HOW IT'S ON LIFE SUPPORT THESE DAYS.

THANKS, BUT OBJECT LESSONS WON'T PAY MY RENT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS AS CHEAP AS THE MAYOR.

AND MAYOR JAMESON PROBABLY WOULDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO YOU *MOONLIGHTING.*

Y'KNOW, BEN, SPEAKING OF PRINT BEING DEAD, I HAD AN IDEA-- NOW JUST GO WITH ME ON THIS--READY?-- *NEWSPAPER INK.*

NEWSPAPER INK THAT DOESN'T-- WAIT FOR IT--RUB OFF ON YOUR HANDS. IT'S THE 21ST CENTURY, I THINK IT'S TIME.

I'M GONNA TAKE THAT UNDER ADVISEMENT, PETE.

YEAH, HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.

THANK YOU, KINDLY.

HELLO, BEN REILLY.

OH, THIS ISN'T GOOD...

DAMON RYDER.

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

HOW IS HE--?

LONG TIME. HOW'VE YOU BEEN?

PLAY THIS ONE REAL CAREFUL, PETEY.

CALL 555-12 36

RYDER DOESN'T KNOW THAT SPIDER-MAN UNMASKED HIM AS THE GUY WHO ATTACKED PETER PARKER IN BOSTON.

IN THE CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36. --GUGGENHEIM**

IT'S NOT A CLASSIC. MORE LIKE "RECENT." --WACKER***

IN THE RECENTLY CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36. --GUGGENHEIM

SORRY. THINK YOU'VE GOT ME MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE ELSE--

NO, I REALLY DON'T THINK I DO, BEN.

THE ONLY "BEN" AROUND HERE IS URICH--

HEY!

CAREFUL! LET'S NOT LET ANYONE SEE MY UNDEROOS HERE, ALRIGHT?

IT'S FUNNY, BUT I THINK I LET MY...*PASSIONS* GET THE BETTER OF ME BACK IN BOSTON, JUST GOING AFTER YOU LIKE THAT...

"...IN THE MEN'S ROOM. THAT WAS *SLOPPY*. UNDISCIPLINED.

"THAT WAS *IMPATIENCE* AT WORK. THE RESULT OF *YEARS* WAITING FOR YOU TO RESURFACE."

ALSO IN THE CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36.--WACKER (SON OF A SLOTT! NOW HE'S GOT ME DOING IT...)

BUT NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU HERE IN MANHATTAN--

--NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THIS NEW LIFE YOU'VE MADE--

--I'M THINKING IT MIGHT BE MORE APPROPRIATE TO TEAR IT APART, PIECE BY PIECE, PERSON BY PERSON, FRIEND BY--

ENOUGH.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU SOUND LIKE A GUY AUDITIONING FOR A *RESTRAINING ORDER*--

I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHO "*BEN*" IS, PAL, BUT--

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, PETE?

TELL HER, *BEN*.

AND WHY IS HE CALLING YOU "*BEN*", PETE?

BECAUSE, NORAH, HE'S MISTAKING ME FOR MY DEAD *CLONE*.

COME AGAIN?

A FEW YEARS AGO, SOME WACKED-OUT MAD SCIENTIST MADE A *CLONE* OF ME.

TWO CLONES, ACTUALLY. BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S IMPORTANT.

AND THIS GUY THINKS ONE OF THE CLONES--

--WHO TOOK THE NAME BEN REILLY--

--KILLED HIS FAMILY.

WHICH, OF COURSE, I'D NEVER DO. I MEAN, THE CLONED ME WOULD NEVER DO.

THE POINT IS, BEN DIED A FEW YEARS AGO, BUT THIS *LOONY TUNE* THINKS *I'M* BEN.

NO.

THAT'S PROBABLY NOT GONNA FLY.

I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHO "*BEN*" IS, PAL, BUT--

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, PETE?

TELL HER, *BEN*.

AND WHY IS HE CALLING YOU "*BEN*", PETE?

BECAUSE HE'S A SUGAR-COATED LOONY TUNE.

GET OUT OF HERE, CRAZYPANTS, BEFORE I GET SOMEONE TO CALL NEW YORK'S FINEST--

I'M SORRY, BEN, BUT I CAN'T DO THAT.

NOT WHEN I HAVE SO MUCH *PLANNED* FOR YOU.

YOU WENT AFTER MY *FAMILY*. I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR I GO AFTER *YOURS*.

AUNT MAY'S FAMILY! *MY* FAMILY!

OKAY, THAT'S *IT*.

SECRET IDENTITY OR NO SECRET IDENTITY...

...I'M TAKING THIS JACKHOLE *DOWN.*

WHOA! PARKER DOESN'T HIT LIKE A GIRL!

CRAK

NOW *THAT'S* THE BEN I REMEMBER.

YOU ALWAYS COULD HIT HARDER THAN ANYONE'D EXPECT FROM LOOKING AT YOU...

THEN, AGAIN, THANKS TO THE WORK WE DID TOGETHER, SO CAN *I.*

SOMEBODY CALL 911!

GRAWR!

GNF--!

PETE!

THE END

NOT THAT THIS ISN'T FUN, BUT IT WASN'T PART OF MY PLAN, EITHER.

THAT'S OKAY, THOUGH.

I CAN ROLL WITH THE *PUNCHES.*

CHAK

GOTTA END THIS.

EVENTUALLY, SOMEONE'S GONNA CALL THE COPS AND THEN THERE'LL BE A LOT OF 'SPLAININ' TO DO, LUCY.

SHAK

SOMEBODY WANNA GET THIS NUT OFF ME?

I MEAN, WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE, RIGHT?

LET GO OF ME!

EASY, PAL--

YOU'RE A LIFESAVER, JIM.

IT'S JOHN.

STRONG S.O.B.--

LET GO OF ME--

WHAT'S THIS GUY'S *PROBLEM?*

YOU WANT TO TELL THEM, *BEN?* OR SHOULD I?

POLICE'RE ON THEIR WAY, MISTER--

I REALLY SHOULD BE GOING NOW, REILLY. BUT I'LL LEAVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY.

I CLENCH--READY TO SPRING--

GUY'S GOT A FIREARMS FETISH AND IF HE'S PULLING A GUN--

HERE. AN OUT OF TOWN COMPETITOR YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

OKAY, SO NOT A GUN.

Portland

NEWS | LOCAL | SPORTS | LIVING | MULTIMEDIA

POLICE SKETCH

INSTEAD IT'S SOMETHING THAT COULD CAUSE A *BIT* MORE *TROUBLE.*

POLICE SKETCH

WHAT IS THIS, PETER?

IT LOOKS LIKE *YOU.*

STICK AROUND, HAIR BAND. COPS'RE GONNA WANT TO CHAT YOU UP A BIT.

SORRY. THINGS TO DO. PLACES TO BE.

YOU CAN'T JUST SAUNTER INTO PEOPLE'S OFFICES DRESSED LIKE IT'S 1993 AND START TAKING SWINGS AT THEM--

GOTTA COOL OFF NORAH AND FIND A WAY TO TRACK THIS GUY.

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME OR YOU'LL BE POLISHING A *HOOK* INSTEAD OF YOUR NAILS.

WHY YOU--

UH-OH!

GUYS, I'M GONNA NEED TO EXPLAIN ALL THIS LATER--

I'M SORRY, PETE, BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT *NOW*. GUY COMES INTO MY NEWSROOM, STARTS THROWING PUNCHES AND ACCUSATIONS--

AND HE'S GETTING AWAY--

AND GOOD RIDDANCE.

NOW HOW ABOUT SOME ANSWERS?

THIS POLICE SKETCH LOOKS LIKE *YOU*.

WHICH MEANS IT COULD JUST AS EASILY BE BRAD PITT--

ENOUGH! THE ARTICLE SAYS YOU BURNED DOWN SOMEONE'S ***HOME.***

NO, IT SAYS THE GUY IN THE SKETCH--I.E., ***NOT ME***--BURNED DOWN SOMEONE'S HOME.

SERIOUSLY, PETE, WHAT THE HELL'S THE ***STORY*** HERE?

"SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, BEN REILLY?"

Then.

'SCUSE ME, DOCTOR RYDER?

I SAID I WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY.

SPILL.

OH, NOTHING YOU HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE.

I'M JUST THE CLONE OF A GUY WITH SPIDER-POWERS WHO'S NOW LIVING IN *EXILE* UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.*

* SEE EVERY SPIDER-COMIC OF THE '90s-- OR JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. --*SW.*

STORY-WISE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN KINDA PARTIAL TO "*THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.*" MAYBE "*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*" TO KEEP WITH THE BIG BAD WOLF THEME...

SERIOUSLY, BEN. YOU LIVE ALONE. UNIVERSITY HOUSING, NO LESS. NO FRIENDS, NO FAMILY I'VE HEARD YOU TALK ABOUT...

MY SITUATION'S A LITTLE... COMPLICATED.

I'VE GATHERED THAT. AND I'M SORRY IF I'M BEING A YENTA HERE, BUT...WELL, IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS AND I CONSIDER YOU MORE THAN JUST MY LAB ASSISTANT.

ALL DUE RESPECT, DR. RYDER, YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. I CONSIDER YOU A *FRIEND*. AND IT'S *DAMON*.

Y'KNOW, I APPRECIATE THAT. REALLY. AND I CONSIDER YOU A FRIEND, TOO.

IT'S JUST THAT MY "*STORY*" IS A LITTLE... COMPLICATED.

TOO COMPLICATED FOR A HOME-COOKED MEAL?

LAURA'S SICK OF HEARING ME TALK ABOUT YOU. SHE'S DYING TO MEET YOU. AND I KNOW YOU'D LOVE THE KIDS...

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU HAD ME AT "*HOME-COOKED MEAL.*"

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE, BEN.

FUNNY, THAT'S WHAT YOUR HUSBAND ALWAYS SAYS--

I DO NOT.

WHEN WE'RE WORKING IN THE LAB. ALL THE TIME, IN FACT. IT'S ALWAYS, "THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE, BEN. WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU, BEN?"

I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO MANY LATE NIGHTS, CLEARLY.

SERIOUSLY, I'VE ASKED DAMON WHAT HE DOES IN THAT LAB LATE AT NIGHT, AND HE NEVER TELLS ME--

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

COEDS.

EXCUSE ME?

HE DOES COEDS. Y'KNOW, ALL THOSE GIRLS WHO LISTEN TO HIS LECTURES, GA-GA FOR HIM.

KEEPS YOUR HUBBY PRETTY BUSY, I GOTTA TELL YOU.

SO WHAT DOES HE PAY *YOU* FOR?

I'M HIS BEARD. PARTICULARLY WHEN HIS WIFE INVITES CO-WORKERS OVER FOR DINNER.

I'M NOT GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU HELP DAMON WITH, AM I?

OKAY, SERIOUS(HUSBAND'S POS(THE EXISTENCE EVOLUTIONAR(MUTATION ACC(FOR A GAP I(FOSSIL RECORD(WE'RE ATTEMPTIN(PROVIDE PROOF O(CONCEPT ON(ENGINEERING FOSSI(DEOXYRIBONUCLEIC (USING RECOMBINAN(METHODS.

?

IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, WE'RE TRYING TO PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF THE MISSING LINK BY *CREATING* IT IN THE LAB.

THE MISSING LINK. LIKE, BETWEEN MAN AND APES?

BETWEEN MAN AND *DINOSAURS.*

THE THEORY DE JOUR IS THAT DINOSAURS DIDN'T GO EXTINCT. THEY MERELY *EVOLVED* OUT OF EXISTENCE.

SAID THEORY POSITING THEY EVOLVED INTO *BIRDS.*

EXACTLY. BUT WHAT IF THEY *DIDN'T.*

WHAT IF THEY EVOLVED INTO *US?*

WHAT IF THEY EVOLVED INTO *MAN?* WHAT IF WE'RE-- EVOLUTIONARILY SPEAKING, AT LEAST--*PART DINOSAUR?*

I'M A LOWLY LAB-MONKEY, MA'AM. YOUR HUSBAND SAYS JUMP, I DEFY GRAVITY.

SERIOUSLY--

THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE CRAZIEST THEORY I'VE EVER HEARD.

YEAH, THAT MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH US HAVING A DEVIL OF A TIME *PROVING* IT.

"HOW THE HELL ARE WE GONNA PROVE IT?"

I MEAN SERIOUSLY, DAMON. WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF FUNDING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FUNDING.

IT'S KINDA HARD NOT TO SINCE THAT FUNDING'S HOW I PAY MY RENT.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FUNDING.

WHY SHOULDN'T I?

BECAUSE I'VE DONE IT.

ACTUALLY, *YOU'VE* DONE IT. TRIAL BATCH 896. THE MAINFRAME COMPILED THE DATA A FEW HOURS AGO.

THERE WASN'T ANY GENETIC CAPTURE WHEN I LEFT LAST NIGHT.

BE THAT AS IT MAY...

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE...

AND BE *THAT* AS IT MAY...

RIGHT NOW, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN OUR LAB, WE'RE GROWING THE WORLD'S FIRST--AT LEAST, THE FIRST IN *MILLIONS OF YEARS*-- HUMAN/DINOSAUR *HYBRID.*

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE HISTORY, BEN. YOU AND ME.

"YOU AND ME, MRS. JAMESON."

Interlude: Morocco Now.

...WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ENTIRE WORLD. THE TWO OF US.

I HOPE THAT INCLUDES MANHATTAN, MR. JAMESON.

YOU'VE LIVED IN FOREST HILLS NEARLY YOUR WHOLE LIFE NOW, MAY. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MANHATTAN YET, I DOUBT VERY MUCH THAT IT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

I'M SERIOUS.

NOW *THERE'S* SOMETHING NEW.

I MISS PETER. AND I MISS QUEENS.

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE BOROUGH HERE, RIGHT?

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THE END OF OUR HONEYMOON--

I HOPE NOT.

--JUST A *LAYOVER.*

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT--

YOU HAVE A ONE-TRACK MIND, MR. JAMESON--

THIS IS NOT UNTRUE.

SO NEW YORK?

NEW YORK THEN VENEZUELA.

VENEZUELA?

EN ROUTE TO *ANTARCTICA.*

OKAY...

...SO THAT'S FIVE HOURS OF MY LIFE I'M NEVER GETTING BACK.

TOOK FOREVER TO EXPLAIN TO NEW YORK'S FINEST THAT I WAS THE VICTIM OF JUST ANOTHER BIG APPLE NUTJOB.

COULDN'T DEAL WITH URICH QUITE SO EASILY.

GUY'S AN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST, AFTER ALL, AND HE'S GOT THIS ONE IN HIS TEETH.

BUT I MANAGED TO CONVINCE HIM THAT (A) I WASN'T GOING TO TELL HIM WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW, AND (B) THE FRONT LINE OFFICES AREN'T A PRISON AND HE HAD TO LET ME GO.

DOESN'T MEAN THE CLEVER OLD CODGER DIDN'T HAVE NORAH TRY TO TAIL ME.

EMPHASIS ON "*TRY*."

IF THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO MY IN-THE-OFFICE KERFUFFLE, IT'S THAT IT GAVE ME A CHANCE TO LAY ONE OF MY PATENT-PENDING SPIDER-TRACERS ON DR. RYDER.

WELL, NOT REALLY PATENT-PENDING 'CAUSE OF, Y'KNOW, THE WHOLE SECRET IDENTITY THING.

IT'S TOO BAD, REALLY, 'CAUSE IT WORKS PRETTY WELL.

SPEAKING OF SILVER LININGS, THE NICE THING ABOUT AN ECONOMIC RECESSION IS IT FREES UP A LOT OF REAL ESTATE FOR THINGS LIKE *SUPER VILLAIN* HIDEOUTS.

STRANGE.

I'M GETTING A SPIDEY-SENSE HIT OFF THE TRACER I PLANTED ON RYDER, BUT NO RYDER.

DAMN.

DOUBLE DAMN.

"WHERE IS HE?"

HI.

CAN I HELP YOU?

HOPE SO. I'M DOCTOR RYDER.

YEAH?

DAMON RYDER? WHAT, PETE DIDN'T MENTION ME? TELL YOU I MIGHT BE STOPPING BY?

WE'RE A LITTLE COMMUNICATION-CHALLENGED.

YOU'RE MICHELE, RIGHT? HIS GIRL--

STOP RIGHT THERE. *ROOMMATE.*

WELL, I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF PETER'S.

HE *REALLY* DIDN'T SAY I'D BE VISITING?

I GUESS WE'RE A LITTLE COMMUNICATION-CHALLENGED AS WELL.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, DAMON?

DID YOU JUST HAPPEN TO LEAVE YOUR COAT BEHIND?

OR DID YOU *SPOT* THE TRACER AND ARE SCREWING WITH ME NOW?

AND WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

Then.

UGH...I HAVE A DEFCON-ONE LEVEL *HANGOVER*.

LAURA SHOULD NEVER LET ME DRINK RED WINE--OR WINE OF *ANY* COLOR--AGAIN--

DAMON... WE HAVE TO TALK.

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW?

WHAT YOU TOLD ME LAST NIGHT, ABOUT HOW WE'D CRACKED IT--TRIAL BATCH 896--I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT AND I WANTED TO SEE HOW--

BEN, I WAS *BLOTTO*. I PROBABLY SAID I'D CRACKED COLD FUSION, TOO.

I LOOKED OVER THE LOGS AND YOU *DID* MAKE A PARADIGM BREAKTHROUGH.

LET IT GO, BEN--

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GROW THE HYBRID IN A PETRI DISH. WE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT TRYING TO INSERT THE RECOMBINANT DNA INTO AN ALREADY-LIVING *TEST SUBJECT*--

BEN, I'M WARNING YOU NOW--

BUT, GOD, DAMON--WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING, EXPERIMENTING ON *YOURSELF?*

Now.

HOMICIDAL BAD GUYS WITH A MAD-ON FOR YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD YOURS TRULY I CAN HANDLE.

THAT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE.

BUT DAMON--OR RAPTOR OR VELOCIRAPTOR OR WHATEVER HE'S CALLING HIMSELF--HE COULD CARE *LESS* ABOUT SPIDEY.

HE'S AFTER *PETER PARKER.*

WELL, BEN REILLY, REALLY. BUT YOU SEE MY POINT.

HOW DO I FIGHT A GUY WHO'S--

OH BOY.

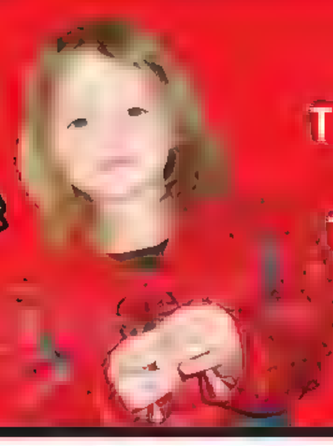
URCH--

THIS IS GONNA HURT...

Next:

The Pain Of KAINE

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL



TOM BRENNAN — ASST EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER — EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT — EXECUTIVE EDITOR
JOE QUESADA — EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC PRODUCER

This time out I want to lead off with a couple letters that follow up on something I wrote in the text page for last summer's record-breaking Amazing Spider-Man #600. My crack research system (made up of making Brennan dig up old copies of ASM and Brevoort constantly correcting my work) reprinted the names of the first readers to ever write into the Spider-Man letter column over 45 years ago, and lo and behold, we actually got responses from and about those fans. It was pretty interesting correspondence and really illustrates not only the longevity of Spidey but the passion all his fans feel for the character.

Anyway enough of my profane profundities. I'll shut my typing hole and get to the good stuff…

Hi Guys!

Thanks for the shout-out in ASM #600! I'm still here, though living in NYC now (have been since 1970). Nice idea of listing the letter writers. Wish I still had ASM #s 1-3 though! Be well.

Phil Leibfred
New York City

Our pleasure to show you some love, Phil. Thanks for the years of support. Sorry to hear you no longer have your issues. Oddly enough, Executive Editor (and former bully) Tom Brevoort says he scored his copies by tricking a kid named Phil back in 1964. Say the word and I will deliver a revenge wedgie.

Hi Steve,

Just came home from my local comic shop with a copy of the Amazing Spider-Man #600 and was surprised to see my name in the letter column -- especially since I haven't written in since issue #3. You asked if I'm still around, and yes, I still am.

My ambition when I wrote that letter as a 13-year-old was to be a writer, and that's what I am. At the time I thought I would write for comics and even came to New York in the summer of 1963 as a 14-year-old and had meetings at DC (with Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger). I also was able to get an appointment at Marvel, but not with Stan. I do remember sitting with Flo for a while, which I enjoyed very much and it was only later that I learned I was not the only one to meet with Flo instead of Stan. I don't remember quite how she set this up, but she arranged for me to go over to Steve Ditko's studio and meet with him, which I did for about an hour. The memory is hazy and this was my first visit to New York, but I recall Steve's studio being in Chelsea.

I didn't end up writing for comics but I have made my living as a writer, after a stint at NBC in Burbank as a publicist, where I worked on many different series, including "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," "The Bionic Woman," "Man from Atlantis," "The Powers of Matthew Starr," "Voyagers!" and the animated "Star Trek." I wrote the final episode of the animated "Star Trek" series (under the name John Culver because NBC considered it a conflict of interest) and eventually left the network to write full-time. I wrote two episodes of "Star Trek: The Next Generation" with Susan Sackett. I currently write two annual TV specials, the American Music Awards and "Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve with Ryan Seacrest," as well as other TV shows and series. I wrote a weekly column for Billboard magazine for 16 years and have authored four books about music, including "The Billboard Book of Number One Hits." That work led to three guest appearances on "American Idol" over the last eight years.

And it all started with that letter in ASM #3. Who knew?!

Sincerely,
Fred Bronson
(no longer in Culver City, but:)
Studio City, Calif.

Fred, I have so much to say I hardly know where to start.

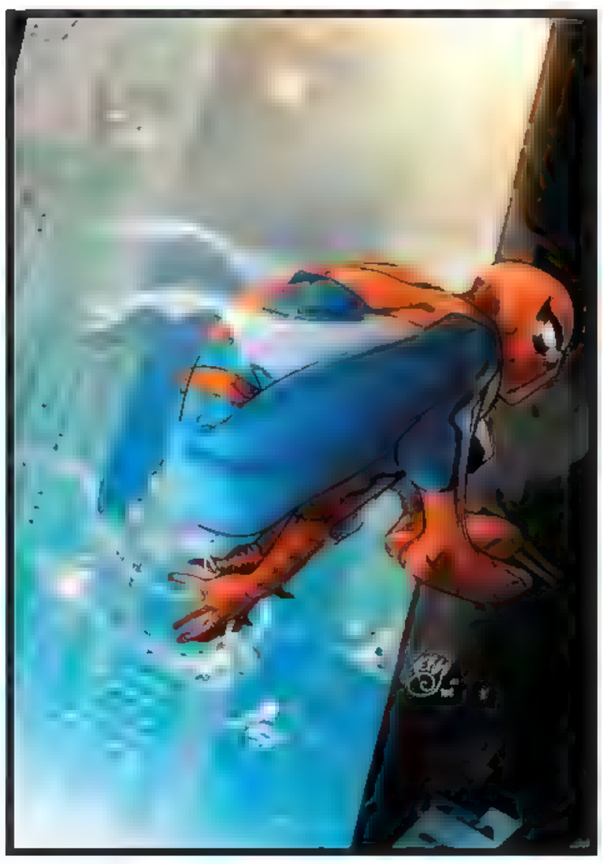
First of all, your resume sounds like every show young Stevie Wacker used to circle in the TV Guide.

Second, it sounds like you went on to do some pretty cool things. Let Fred be an example to all you unwashed Spidey fans (looking at you, Brennan and Caramagna): sometimes working on Spidey can get you something more than a police record (looking at you, Guggenheim and Slott….and Waid…oh and van Lente back in 1979. NOT looking at you, Joe Kelly. Your face makes my eyes throw up. And you, Bob Gale… what are you staring at?)

{Also to those readers who don't know the Flo Fred references, that is Marvel's own living legend *Flo Steinberg* – the dream girl of many Marvelites – who still works on our books proofreading them week after week and pointing out how painfully unamusing my letters columns are. With any luck, she's reading this very column and marking it up in red right now.}

And finally Fred, your job is to get a picture of Seacrest holding an issue of Spidey looking bemused. Don't let Marveldom Assembled down (the way you let a certain comic book editor down when *Voyagers!* was cancelled!)!

ONWARD!



Next week marks the debut of our new monthly sister title, Web Of Spider-Man. The first issue's lead feature gives you all the background you need on the guy choking Spidey on page 22 of this very issue. His name is Kaine…and he knows Peter Parker better than almost anyone. Plus in every issue, you get another chapter in the ongoing adventures of The Spectacular Spider-Girl! Future issues of Web are gong to give you details on some of Spidey's deadliest villains as they make their comebacks in the pages of Amazing this fall. It's all a part of this fall's big Spidey blockbuster called: The Gauntlet! For every rise, someone must fall. More on this next month!

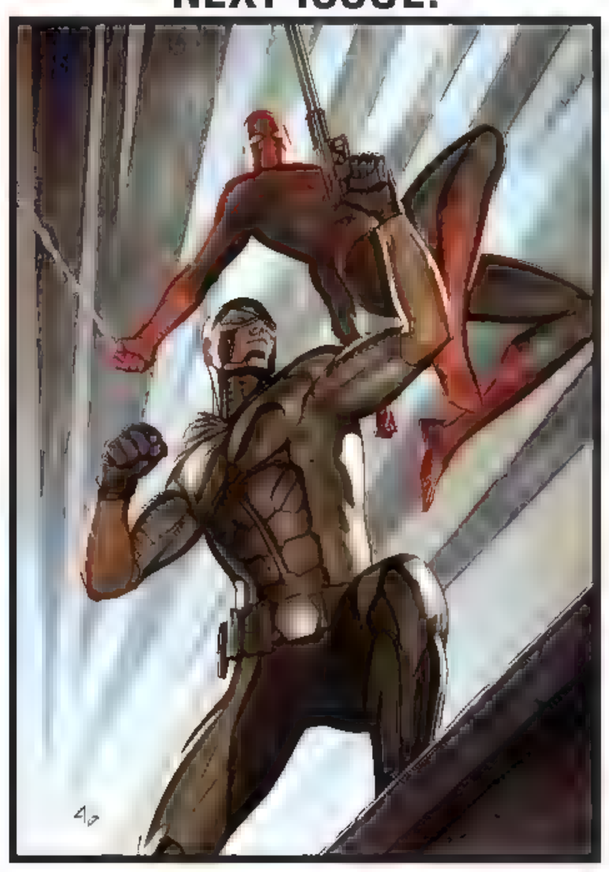
And since I'm in the pluggin' mood, don't miss issue #2 of our new Anti-Venom mini by web-head Zeb Wells with art by Paulo Siqueira and Chad Hardin. It's Anti-Venom vs. the Punisher…of course it is.

This month we also heard from: Mike Keenan; Bart Hamilton of Athens, AL; Steve Greszik; Frank Bergdoll of Calgary, Alberta; Josh Olejarz; Jacob Lee; Jason Jacoby of Bernville, Pa.; John Sacino of New Jersey (my sympathies, John); Laurence Smith; David Carey of Elizabethtown, Ky.; Phillip Frangules (who sent a too-long-to-print, but well-thought-out letter letting us know he's not too happy with the way we've handled Norman and Harry's relationship); Will Emmons of Richmond, Ky.; Alun Rundle; Eric Klee of Charlotte, NC; and Patrick Kelly of Brampton, Ont. (Sorry if I missed your name, but there's a lot of mail and I gotta get books out at some point! It's not like this in the Ultimate office where I can just get two books out a month and spend the next four weeks poolside with Loeb!)

All right, break's over. Move 'em out, Easy!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
9/15/09

NEXT ISSUE:



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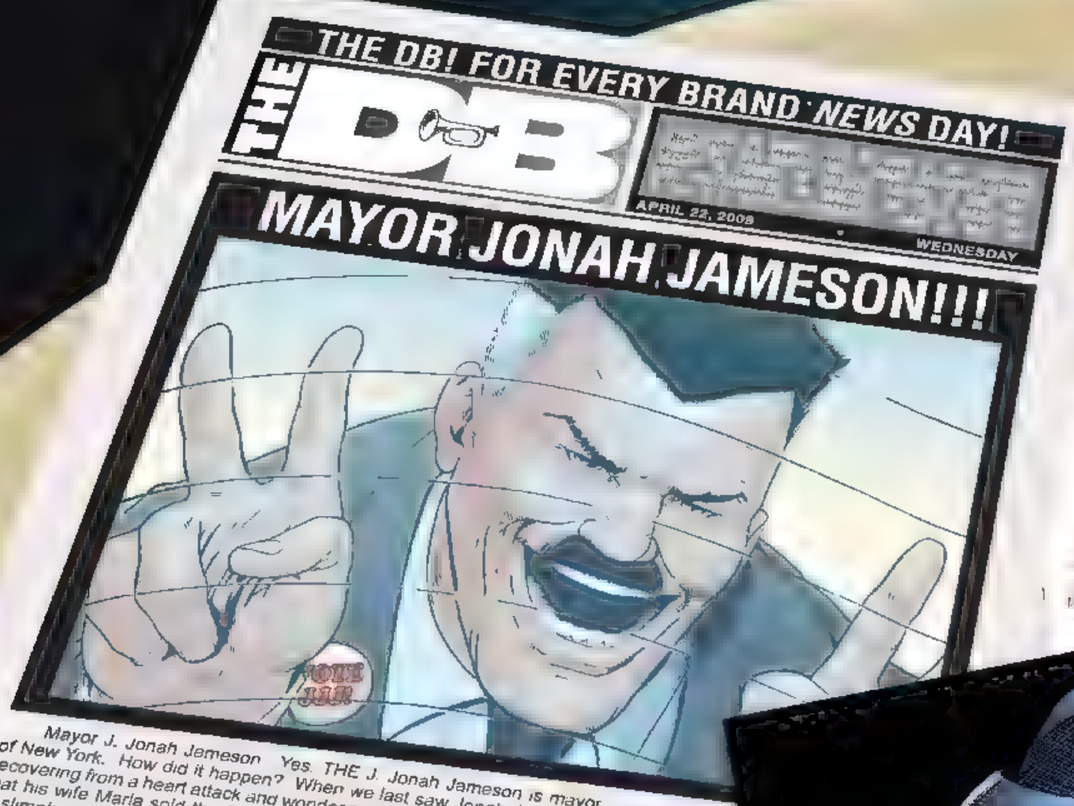
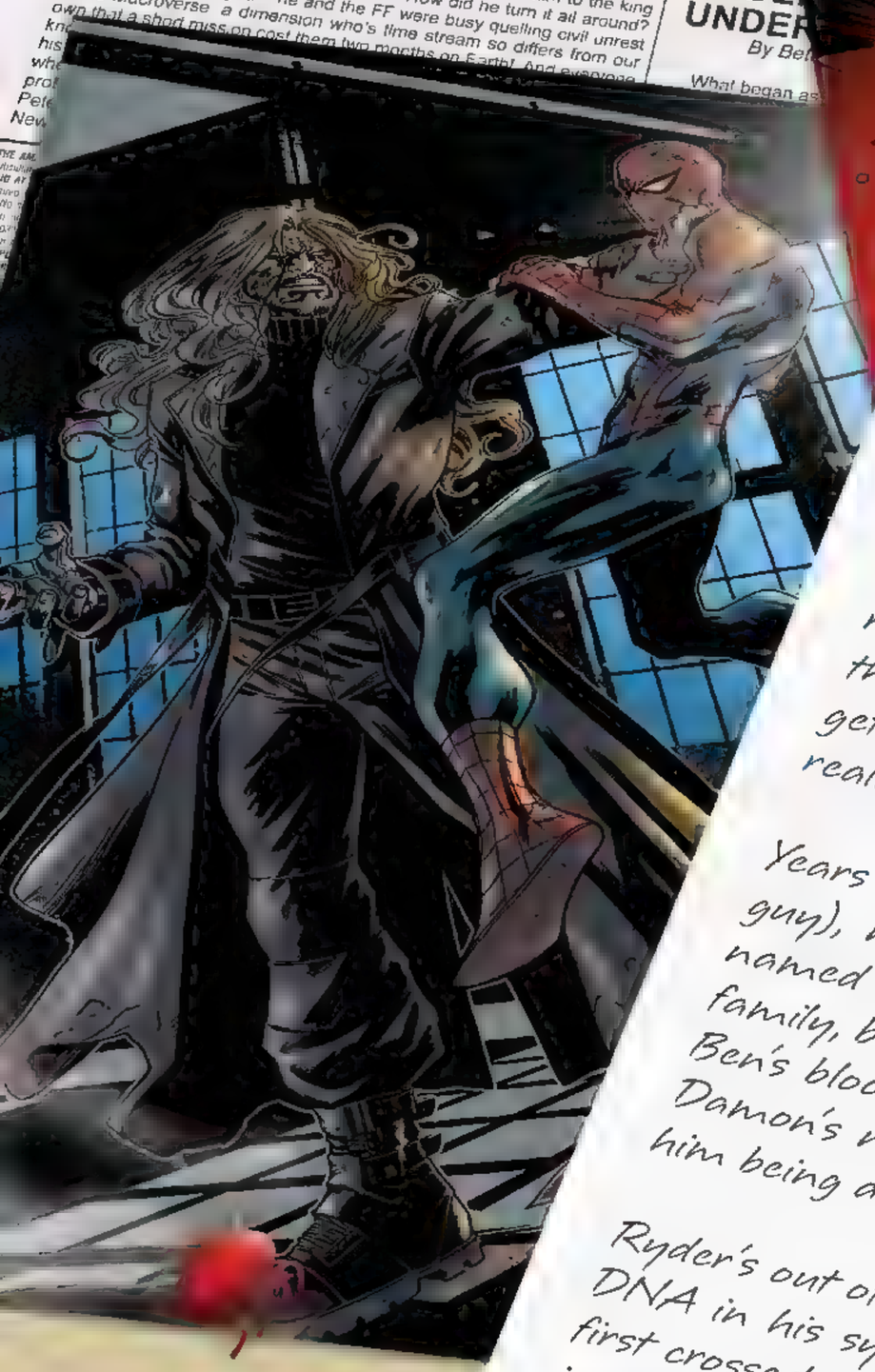
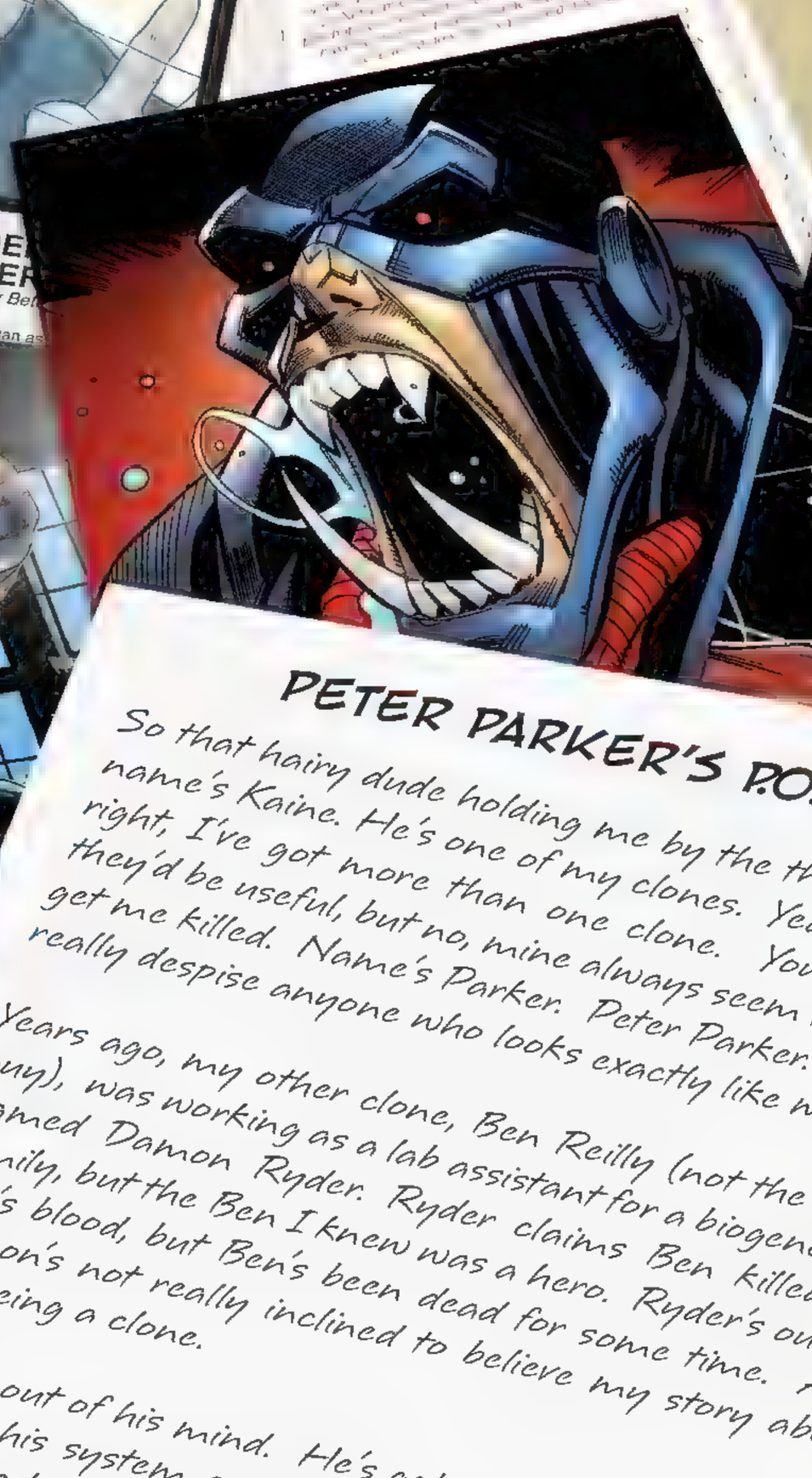
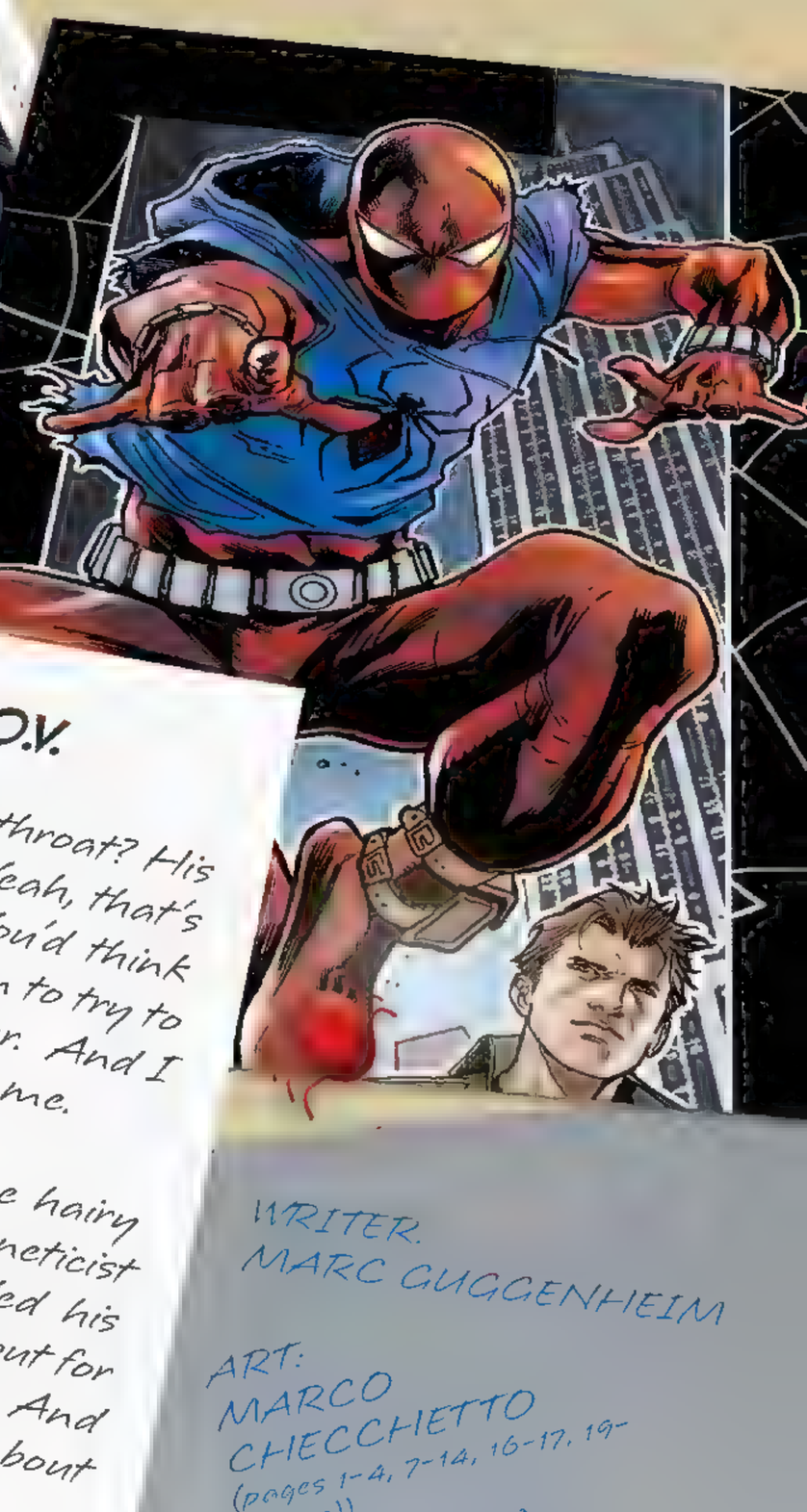
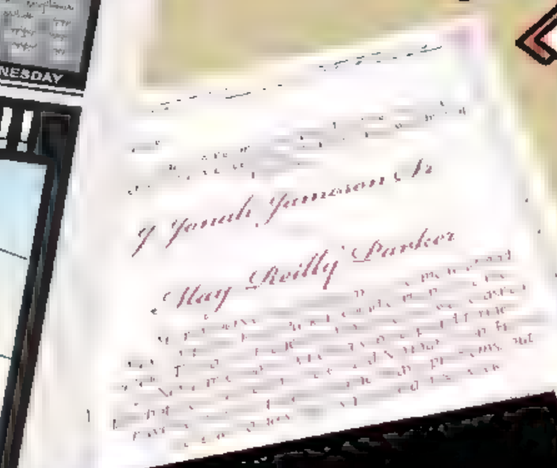

THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
APRIL 22, 2008
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson Yes. THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a shod mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone









PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

So that hairy dude holding me by the throat? His name's Kaine. He's one of my clones. Yeah, that's right, I've got more than one clone. You'd think they'd be useful, but no, mine always seem to try to get me killed. Name's Parker. Peter Parker. And I really despise anyone who looks exactly like me.

Years ago, my other clone, Ben Reilly (not the hairy guy), was working as a lab assistant for a biogeneticist named Damon Ryder. Ryder claims Ben killed his family, but the Ben I knew was a hero. Ryder's out for Ben's blood, but Ben's been dead for some time. And Damon's not really inclined to believe my story about him being a clone.

Ryder's out of his mind. He's got some sort of Dinosaur DNA in his system and goes by the name Raptor. We first crossed paths at my Aunt May's engagement party in Boston. Nearly killed me and May's whole Reilly family (who thankfully survived to mooch off my Aunt's house, taking in my broke pal, Harry Osborn).

Ryder came to Front Line's offices to publicly confront me, but Ben Urich called the cops on him. Still, people are getting suspicious. I tracked down Ryder's base of operations...and that's where I found my buddy, Kaine.

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Web-heads

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ONCE UPON A TIME...

THERE WAS A *BOY* WHO GOT SPIDER POWERS.

AND THERE WAS ALSO A *MAD SCIENTIST* WHO WANTED TO *CLONE* THE BOY.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT DIDN'T GO TOO WELL AND THE RESULT BECAME THE *MONSTER* OF THIS LITTLE FAIRY TALE.

HI, KAINE.

HOW YOU DOING?

WHAT THE HOPPING HECK IS *HE* DOING HERE?

LONG TIME, NO SEE.

GET IT?

REALLY WOULD'VE LIKED TO'VE KEPT IT THAT WAY.

THWIP

THAT'S *REALLY*, BY THE WAY, NOT *REILLY*, A NAME WHICH I KNOW SETS YOU OFF.

SPEAKING OF MR. REILLY, YOU DO KNOW I'M NOT HIM, RIGHT?

I KNOW WE SHARE THE SAME GOOD LOOKS AND WASHBOARD ABS, BUT ACTUALLY YOU CAN TELL US APART BY THE FACT THAT ONE OF US IS DEAD AND THE OTHER *ISN'T*.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

DAY'S YOUNG.

THAT BURNING TOUCH OF HIS STILL BURNS THROUGH WEBS. AH, MEMORIES.

SERIOUSLY, I THOUGHT WE WERE BUDS. WELL, NOT "*BUDS*" EXACTLY, BUT AT LEAST GUYS WHO DON'T TRY TO KILL EACH OTHER.

FOR EXAMPLE. URCH--

YOU SAY ALL THAT AS IF THERE'S A *DIFFERENCE* BETWEEN YOU AND REILLY.

THE GUY'S DEAD. HOW BIG A *DIFFERENCE* DO YOU WANT?

YOU WERE *IDENTICAL* IN EVERY WAY THAT MATTERS. YOU'VE NO BUSINESS *LIVING* ANY MORE THAN HE DOES.

THWAM

I MENTIONED THAT HE'S *NOT* LIVING, RIGHT?

HOLD STILL AND THAT'LL BE JUST ONE *MORE* THING YOU HAVE IN COMMON WITH HIM.

SURE. NO PROBLEM. YOU PROMISE IT WON'T HURT?

YOU WON'T PROMISE?

WELL, TO HELL WITH *THAT*, THEN.

CHAK

NOT EXACTLY THE REUNION I WAS HOPING FOR, KAINE. MAKES ME SAD.

JUST HELP ME OUT WITH SOMETHING: WHAT BRINGS A MURDEROUS PSYCHO LIKE YOU BACK?

I'M BETTING IT'S NOT A *COINCIDENCE* YOU COME BACK INTO MY LIFE THE SAME TIME DAMON RYDER SHOWS UP WITH A MAD ON FOR BEN REILLY.

CRAAAAAAAAAASH

I'M NOT "BACK IN YOUR LIFE." I'M HERE FOR RYDER.

SO YOU CAN OFFER HIM MEMBERSHIP IN THE "*WE WANT TO KILL BEN REILLY EVEN THOUGH HE'S ALREADY DEAD*" FAN CLUB?

CRAK

I *NEED* HIM.

YEAH, WELL I NEED A VIDEO MUSIC AWARD, BUT YOU DON'T SEE ME ATTACKING TAYLOR SWIFT.

WHICH REMINDS ME... IF I DON'T TAKE DOWN KANYE... *WHO WILL?!*

MY BODY... IT'S BREAKING DOWN. I'M DYING, ONE CELL AT A TIME.

AND THIS HAS TO DO WHAT WITH RYDER?

HE CAN *STOP* IT.

NOT A COINCIDENCE? CLEARLY SPIDER-MAN IS NOT FAMILIAR WITH GUGGENHEIM'S WRITING.
--WACKER

SLOTT YOU, STEVE. I'M QUITTING THIS BOOK AFTER NEXT ISSUE.
--GUGGENHEIM

"HE CAN SAVE MY LIFE."

Then.

CARE TO REPEAT THAT, REILLY?

HAPPY TO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, EXPERIMENTING ON YOURSELF?

ACTUALLY, LET ME REPHRASE THAT: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, INJECTING YOURSELF WITH ENGINEERED *DINOSAUR DNA*?

ARE YOU *TRYING* TO KILL YOURSELF?!

NO.

THAT'S TOO BAD, RYDER, 'CAUSE YOU'RE DOING A DAMN GOOD IMPRESSION OF IT.

DO I *LOOK* DEAD TO YOU, BEN?

WE DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THAT GENETIC MONSOON'S DOING TO YOUR BODY--

I DO.

INCREASED ENERGY.

HEIGHTENED SENSES.

ENHANCED STRENGTH--

DAMON--

THIS ISN'T A *RESEARCH PROJECT* ANYMORE, BEN. THIS IS NO LONGER SOME QUIXOTIC ATTEMPT TO PROVE A DINOSAUR/MAN HYBRID'S THE MISSING LINK.

THIS HAS *MEDICAL* APPLICATION. *MILITARY* APPLICATION. THIS IS PHARMACEUTICALS FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY AND BEYOND.

THIS IS TWO *TRILLION* DOLLARS A YEAR--

THIS IS YOU OUT OF CONTROL, DAMON!

GET YOUR HAND OFF--

I SAID GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF ME!

NO CAN DO. SORRY.

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!

WAS GONNA ASK *YOU* THE SAME QUESTION.

OKAY, SO HERE'S HOW THIS IS GOING TO GO DOWN...

IDIOT! I'M GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD!

YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE AND CALM DOWN. WHILE I FIND A DOCTOR OR TWENTY.

AND ONCE THEY FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ***STABILIZE*** YOU, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO *PURGE* THIS DINO-CRAP FROM YOUR SYSTEM.

BEN--

THIS STUFF'S MESSING WITH YOUR HEAD, DAMON. I'M SURE 'CAUSE THE GUY I KNOW--MY PARTNER IN THIS--HE'D NEVER RAISE A HAND TO ANYBODY.

THIS IS THE FUTURE, BEN!

I'VE SEEN THE *FUTURE*!

"THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD..."

...BUT IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU RUN AROUND LOOSE--

--EVEN IF IT'S TO HARASS QUIRKBALLS LIKE DAMON--

--YOU'RE COMPLETELY *NUTS*.

THOUGH THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T BOTHER YOU SINCE YOU ACTUALLY ARE, Y'KNOW, *NUTS*.

THWIP

THWACK

THWIP

THWACK

INSANITY, LIKE BEAUTY, IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, PETER.

"PETER"? GUESS IT MAKES SENSE THAT MY OWN CLONE WOULD REMEMBER MY IDENTITY AFTER EVERYONE ELSE FORGOT.

SKERCRUNCHICH

IF YOU WERE ME, YOU'D REACT TO A LIFETIME OF TORMENT EXACTLY THE SAME WAY.

I KNOW BECAUSE YOU *ARE* ME.

I THINK IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND, ACTUALLY.

SWSH

SHRAAA

...THAT IT'S NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO *CATCH* A CAB IN THIS CITY.

HERE WE ARE. DON'T FORGET TO CHECK YOUR BELONGINGS AND ASK FOR A RECEIPT.

Moments Later.

FIGURES KAINE WOULD TAKE THIS LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO BOLT.

SPIDER-MAN. ATTENTION SPIDER-MAN...

THIS IS SCREWBALL, COMING AT YOU LIVE-TO-TAPE VIA THE WONDERS OF THE INTERNET.

HEY, IS YOUR CAB TALKING TO ME?

I'VE HACKED INTO NYC'S GYPSY CAB FLEET TO BRING YOU THIS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT...

OH, YOU HAVE *SO* GOT TO BE KIDDING ME WITH THIS...

THIS MESSAGE IS REPLAYING AT RANDOM INTERVALS FOR THE NEXT TWELVE HOURS.

APOLOGIES, TOURISTS AND NEW YORKERS, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT SPIDER-MAN'S EMAIL ADDRESS, Y'KNOW?

SURE YOU DO. IT'S GIVEMEABREAK@ BITEME.COM.

THE INTERNET'S A COMPETITIVE PLACE. YOU'RE ALWAYS AT RISK OF LOSING YOUR VIEWERS.

HECK, HYPNO-HUSTLER JUST WENT LIVE WITH HIS SITE, TRYING TO HORN IN ON MY ACTION.

SO I'VE GOT TO UP MY GAME HERE AND I'VE NOTICED THAT HITS TO MY SITE SHOOT UP EIGHTY-FIVE PERCENT WHENEVER YOU AND I TUSSLE--

THAT'S MORE TRAFFIC THAN I GET FOR THE M.O.D.O.K. COSPLAY, WHICH IS REALLY SAYING SOMETHING.

--SO I'M CALLING YOU OUT. YOU AND ME, MANO A CUTE-O.

IS THIS FOR REAL?

UMM...I... REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW...

THIS IS FOR REAL.

IT MAY SEEM DESPERATE, BUT WITH THE ECONOMY IN THE TOILET, ROBBING BANKS ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE AND, WELL, I'VE STILL GOT ADVERTISERS TO SATISFY, Y'KNOW?

SO LET ME SEE IF I'VE GOT THIS RIGHT...

A DAY CAN'T GO BY WITHOUT ***MAYOR JAMESON*** ISSUING SOME NEW PUBLIC ORDINANCE AGAINST YOURS TRULY...

HALF THE CITY THINKS I'M A THREAT AND THE OTHER HALF THINKS I'M A MENACE...

MY PUBLIC APPROVAL RATING NEVER BREAKS DOUBLE-DIGITS ON A ***GOOD*** DAY...

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FRET OVER BASICALLY A GLORIFIED TWITTERER CALLING ME OUT?

NOW I KNOW WHY SHE CALLS HERSELF "*SCREWBALL*." CASE CLOSED.

LESS CLOSED, OF COURSE, IS KAINE. THE CLONE DANGER IS IN THE WIND, OF COURSE.

AND DAMON NEVER BOTHERED TO COME BACK TO HIS SECRET LAB/ WHATNOT. EQUALLY OF COURSE.

WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION: EXACTLY WHERE IS--HE--?

HEY, I'M HOME. PLEASE WARN ME IF YOU'RE GOING TO HIT--

WHAT'S THIS?

THE PORTLAND NEWS. THIS IS THE SAME--THIS IS THE SAME ARTICLE RYDER WAS WAVING AROUND THE FRONT LINE OFFICES--

MICHELE!

LAST ISH. --WACKER

IF RYDER--

MICHELE!

MICHELE, ARE YOU IN THERE?!

MICHELE--!

ARE YOU--?

OH MY GOD...

...I AM SO DEAD.

DREAM THEATER

PARKER!

Nelson & Murdock

Vin's hearing Tues. 9:30 AM

Criminal Law Journal

YOU ARE SO DEAD!

IT'S CALLED "KNOCKING," YOU SELFISH TURDWAD!

I'M SO SORRY, I--I CALLED OUT AND YOU DIDN'T ANSWER AND I--

PLEASE DON'T LIGHT ME ON FIRE.

I WAS LISTENING TO MUSIC, YOU DOPE. SORRY I'M NOT ON HIGH ALERT FOR YOUR *EVERY* CALL!

YOU'RE NOT?

IS THIS A SUICIDE ATTEMPT?

NO, BUT IF IT WAS, YOU CAN BET I'D BE REALLY SCARED RIGHT NOW--

I'M A CRIMINAL DEFENSE ATTORNEY, REMEMBER?

I COULD GET *HALF* MY CLIENT LIST TO *KILL* YOU AS PAYMENT FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

MAYBE, BUT IF THEY'RE YOUR CLIENTS, THAT MEANS THEY GOT *ARRESTED*, WHICH MEANS THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT VERY GOOD AT--

THERE WAS THIS ARTICLE LEFT ON THE COFFEE TABLE--

YOUR *FRIEND* LEFT IT FOR YOU.

MY FRIEND?

YOU'RE RIGHT. FORGET THEM. THERE'S A STEAK KNIFE IN THE KITCHEN THAT'LL DO JUST FINE.

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU *THINKING*, STORMING INTO MY ROOM-- VIOLATING MY *PRIVACY*--

YEAH, I WAS SURPRISED. HE ADMITTED IT, TOO.

WHAT, DID HE LEAVE IT BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE THE GUY IN THE SKETCH OR SOMETHING?

SOMETHING.

HE SAID YOU'D KNOW WHY HE LEFT IT.

YOU TALKED TO HIM?

LOOK, DRAMA QUEEN, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THE JEALOUSY I'M SENSING HERE?

DID HE HURT YOU?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, PARKER?

YOU'RE OKAY--

BETTER THAN YOU.

HERE. YOUR FRIEND LEFT THIS FOR YOU.

WHAT IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW...

I ACTUALLY RESPECT PEOPLE'S...

...PRIVACY.

"I DON'T KNOW..."

Then.

NO ONE'S EVER INJECTED THEMSELVES WITH DINO DNA, AS FAR AS I'M AWARE--

UNLESS YOU COUNT *STEGRON*-- AND IF YOU SAW HOW THAT TURNED OUT, YOU'D KNOW WHY I WAS WORRIED.

HAS HE SHOWN ANY SIGNS OF INFECTION, OF SICKNESS--

JUST MOOD SWINGS--

WELL, THAT COULD BE A SIGN OF SOME INFECTIONS.

BUT GENETIC MANIPULATION WOULDN'T PRESENT AS AN INFECTION.

THEN WHAT DO YOU NEED ME FOR?

TO *SEDATE* HIM.

ONCE HE'S CALMED DOWN, WE'LL NEED TO CHECK HIM FOR--

SO, MISTER REILLY...

...WHERE IS HE?

"WHERE DID HE GO, MICHELE?"

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

HE MUST'VE COME HERE LOOKING FOR ME. DID HE SAY HE'D BE BACK? DID HE SAY *ANYTHING?*

JUST THAT HE WAS GONNA PAY A VISIT ON YOUR COUSINS.

WHAT--?

HE SAID HE'S A LONGTIME FAMILY FRIEND OF THE REILLYS.

I TOLD HIM THEY WERE STAYING WITH YOUR PAL HARRY AT YOUR AUNT'S HOUSE--

NO, YOU DIDN'T--

PETER, YOU'RE REALLY WEIRDING ME OUT HERE--

I HAVE TO BORROW YOUR CELL--

ABSOLUTELY NOT--

SORRY. MY BATTERY'S DEAD--

HERE. DO ME A FAVOR. STAY IN A HOTEL TONIGHT.

NICE TRY, BUT--

MICHELE, PLEASE. I'M SERIOUS...

DON'T LET ANYONE IN. NOT EVEN ME.

WELL, I'M AHEAD OF YOU ON THAT--

THE GUY'S DANGEROUS. FRONT LINE DID A...UM...A STORY ON HIM AND HE'S NOT A HAPPY CAMPER.

JUST-- HOTEL.

GO.

NOW.

PLEASE.

AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"PETER--!"

NO ANSWER AT AUNT MAY'S HOUSE.

NO ANSWER ON HARRY'S CELL.

I SEND *ONE TEXT* MESSAGE AS AN INSURANCE POLICY BEFORE HEADING OUT TO FOREST HILLS.

FIRST THING I SHOULD'VE DONE WAS MAKE SURE THE REILLYS WERE ALRIGHT.

VERY FIRST THING.

AND NOW THAT ONE MISTAKE--

NO. DON'T GO THERE. FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THEY MIGHT JUST BE OUT AT A *MOVIE*...

DON'T PANIC.

"BEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Then.

I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU AND THE KIDS, LAURA, BUT IS DAMON HOME?

YES, HE'S--

WHOA-- WHAT'S THE RUSH?

SORRY, I NEED TO SEE HIM. WHERE IS HE?

WHERE DO YOU THINK?

IN HIS STUDY. HE SAID HE WASN'T FEELING WELL. I TRIED TO GET HIM TO LIE DOWN, BUT HE SAID HE HAD WORK TO DO--

OKAY--

BEN, YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME--

SORRY. EVERYTHING'S FINE. I JUST NEED TO TALK TO DAMON ABOUT... SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE LAB TODAY.

EVERYTHING'S FINE.

Now.

HELLO?! HELLO?!

IT'S PETE! I'M COMING IN, ALRIGHT--

HARRY--!

PETER...

PETER... GET OUTTA HERE. CALL NINE-ONE--

HARRY--

IS THAT *"PETER"*?

PLEASE, MISTER OSBORN, ASK YOUR FRIEND TO *JOIN* US.

AFTER ALL...

...HE'S THE GUEST OF HONOR.

"DAMON..."

Then.

...DAMON, IT'S ME. IT'S BEN. I--

ACTUALLY, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE...

I THINK SOMETHING'S GONE AWRY WITH MY LITTLE EXPERIMENT.

"I PROBABLY DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS, NOW DO I?"

...REILLY.

THERE YOU ARE...

I MEAN, IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?

YOU KILLED MY FAMILY AND NOW I'M GOING TO KILL *YOURS* WHILE YOU WATCH.

PETER--

YES... "PETER?"

AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM WHO YOU *REALLY* ARE?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD PUT IT THAT WAY, BUDDY.

BECAUSE IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE EVERYONE, THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA DO...

Next: Secrets No More!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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The letters keep rolling in on ASM #600, so let's get to it.

Dear Spider-Mail

Cracked open ASM #600 and I gotta say I loved it! First off, a tip of the hat to Mark Waid. "My Brother's Son" knew how to tug at the heart strings, good job Waid!

Loved the art throughout the book (and those covers never meant to see the light of day? HILARIOUS!) and Slott powered through all those pages with an amazing wit that's classic Spidey. "Last Legs" was genius.

Why hasn't Parker been on a real date since the start of BND? Seriously, if readers had to survive the imagery of the pruny two-backed beast, we should be rewarded with SOMETHING. It's not like there's a shortage of characters, between Norah, Carlie and even Michele Gonzales, I'm sure Petey can at least get a short dinner comically interrupted by Shocker. Look forward to answers.

Mikie Acevedo
Chicago, IL

I am appalled that you would call 599's letter column "the last letter column in an issue of ASM whose issue number begins with a 5."

Let me tell you, sir, that I have faith that this series will one day make it to a starting digit of 5 again. Apparently you don't have the faith that I do in our beloved wall-crawler. Clearly you won't be around due to your lack of faith, but I'll write back to congratulate the team in charge of issue #5000 in about 122 years (assuming you continue to publish 3 per month).

Steve Clinton.
Mathematics Instructor
Roseville High School

An excellent point, Steve. The students at Roseville high school are clearly in good – if excessively picayune – hands.

However you are clearly unaware of the many decades of work on the MarketingDepartonium FictoNominals which hypothesize a radical departure from current numbering theoretics.

Simply put, in the future (if current Gregorian Calenderical models hold steady), numericals such as your "5" will be replaced in such a manner as to make every issue a single unit representative.

In other words, in 122 years every issue will be a number 1. (I can hear Jeph Loeb's accountant dancing from here).

This issue and the excellent "American Son" storyline has set me up to keep ASM on my pull list for a long time.

I have just one question: The joke made by Spider-Man when he was in the Fantasticar with Johnny where he says, "Wahhh they had to call me in, remember?" is that in the spirit of Artie Lange?

Scott Dahl
Via e-mail

Baba Booey.

Dear Spidey-makers,

I noticed a letter in the back of your book from a fellow named "Moe" and I have to agree that the lettering on the last few issues have been stellar, though every time I REALLY liked them, I noticed Chris Eliopoulos' name was listed in the credits.

He's AWESOMESAUCE! Much better than that Caramagna slouch. Is that the same guy who writes Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers? That is awesome as well. So please pass along my congratulations to Mr. Eliopoulos. In conclusion, Caramagna is overrated and Eliopoulos is the bestest in the whole wide world.

Sincerely,
Bliss Stupidopoulos

P.S. Boo, St. Louis Cardinals.

Thanks, Bliss. It's been hard keeping Chris employed with his recent jail time and his inability to spell his last name, but it's always a pleasure to help out doddering misanthropics when I can. (You too, Brevoort!)

Oh and no, the letterer who writes *Lockjaw and the Pet Avengers* is really Todd Klein working under a pen name. Hope that helps.

PS: Hope you don't mind I took the liberty of fixing the myriad grammatical errors and wiping the mashed chicken pudding off your letter (how'd you get pudding on an e-mail? Now THAT'S sloppy). Go Cards!

Hi All,

2009 has been a big year. In March, I visited Spidey's turf, NYC for the first time, on July 1 my son (and future Spidey fan) Elias was born. and now I have waited until ASM #600 to send in my first letter.

Like many I had been eagerly anticipating ASM #600. However, on the Saturday before the issue was to be released my family, including our 3 week old son was evacuated from our home due to a series of wild fires burning here in Kelowna.

Being evacuated with a newborn is a trying experience. We were evacuated for five days. It was emotional and exhausting. On the day that we were able to return home, I made a point of stopping into my local comic shop to pick up my copy of ASM #600 and I wanted to say thank you.

That night, after sleeping only a handful of hours in the previous week, I flipped through ASM #600. I've been collecting Amazing Spider-Man comics since I was a kid and over the years I have stopped at times but something has always drawn me back. I, like many, was confused and at times unhappy with the new direction of Spidey with BRAND NEW DAY and a few other storylines. I am one of the perhaps few that appreciated the marriage of Pete and MJ and was scratching my head when you wiped it clean. So as a wearily read ASM #600, a smile broke out as on the last page Mary Jane Watson was back. This is why I wanted to thank you. The Amazing Spider-Man is once again "amazing."

You were able to take me away from the trials of my own life helping forget about the terrible week that my family had experienced. I hope that Pete and MJ get back together, for that is something that is simply meant to be. I hope that you print this letter so that I can show it to my son as I introduce him to the Amazing Spider-Man. Congratulations on 600 amazing issues. Thank you for the great stories over the years.

Jody Nimetz
Kelowna, BC, Canada

Very sorry about your bad week, Jody. I know firsthand the stress of bringing home a newborn and can't imagine what a rough time it must have been for your family. The boy sounds like he's in good hands though and the Spidey-office sends the Nimetzes its very best. (Well I do anyway, Brennan reminds me that he raised his seven kids in his backyard, giving them agility training by having them dodge lawn darts and bowling pins 12 hours a day. Wow, the things a 44-year-old assistant editor can teach you about raising a child.)

Speaking of "Temperate" Tom Brennan, Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade watchers can see the toupee'd one himself on TV this year as one of the handlers of the newly revamped Spider-Man balloon. Check your listings and find him. I'll try and post a picture here too afterwards.

I make light of Brennan a lot on this page...and in the office....and at home... and in my car....and with strangers... but this guy is all over New York doing exciting things on a daily basis, using the city as a treasure trove of events and collecting brand new experiences.

Amidst all he does, I don't know how he finds time to make my lunch, sit in with Letterman's band on the non-slide trombone and also run the Virtual Calligraphy lettering studio on top of all that. It's pretty inspiring and I'm glad to have him here.

The Spidey-Office also heard from: Harlie O'Neal; Ryan Pike from Calgary; Oliver Villar; Alex Walason; Skyland Fisher; Dylan Riley; Jeffrey Hart Peterson (Sorry you hate the Osborn hair. I think it's incredibly distinctive); Jason Jackson (who wants a Spidey Omnibus starting with issue #546—anyone else?); Francesco Vanagolli; Ken McFarlane; Lex Thompson; Marcelino Padrón Paláu; Kevin Nichols Davis; David Strickhouser; Jesus Feliciano, and Rodrigo Cano.

See you in a couple weeks for the conclusion of "Who Was Ben Reilly"!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
10/1/09 – Give 'em hell, Grandpa Clarence.

Send e-mail to [redacted] (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

GUGGENHEIM
CHECCHETTO
ROSS
MAGYAR
D'AURIA

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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
APRIL 22, 2008
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you - he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker. ANYTHING can change - his rent, his love life, even his circle of friends, a base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear - J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss

PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

Years ago, a mad scientist named the Jackal cloned me, Peter Parker, in an attempt to duplicate my spider-powers and have his own Spider-Man. That guy had his own conscience and ran off. Took the name Ben Reilly and became a hero. He died a hero.

But apparently a few years before that, he worked for a scientist named Damon Ryder. Ryder was experimenting with dinosaur DNA and turned himself into some form of enhanced superhuman. What happened then is anybody's guess, but he claims Ben burned his house down and killed his family. He's after Ben. Problem is - I'm the only guy alive who *looks* like Ben.

He tried to corner me at Front Line after I'd finished trading punches with that dot-com-convict Screwball, but I managed to scare him off. I tracked him down to my Aunt May's house, where he'd taken my cousins, the Reilly girls, hostage, along with their roommate, my best pal Harry Osborn.

Worse, my first clone, Kaine, has broken out of prison and is after Ryder. Claims Ryder can help him fight a cellular degeneration. Whenever Kaine shows up, it's trouble...

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Then.
PORTLAND, OREGON.

ALRIGHT...

Now.
QUEENS, NEW YORK.

ALRIGHT...

BEN REILLY AND PETER PARKER! TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN. ONE WHO WATCHED A FRIEND GO MAD YEARS AGO AND THE OTHER FACING THAT SAME MADMAN TODAY WHILE SURROUNDED BY INNOCENTS AT HIS AUNT'S HOME!

ONE OF THESE MEN WILL SOON DIE HAUNTED BY THE QUESTION:

WHO WAS BEN REILLY?

YOU'RE NOT WELL, DAMON. THAT DINO-CRAP YOU SHOT YOURSELF UP WITH HAS LITERALLY GOTTEN TO YOUR HEAD--

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, BEN--

...YOU'RE COMING WITH ME. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME AND I'M TAKING YOU TO A *HOSPITAL* THAT CAN FLUSH THAT DINO-DNA OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM--

I TOLD YOU...

LET GO OF ME!

CRAK

FGH--

DAMON... LOOK AT YOU, MAN.

FOR GODSSAKES YOUR WIFE AND *KIDS* ARE DOWNSTAIRS--

I'M NOT LETTING YOU TAKE THIS AWAY FROM ME, BEN--

SHIK

WHAT THE--?

SKRAAAAASSHHHH

HELLO, BEN.

WHAT THE HELL?!

KAINE! NO. NOT HERE. NOT NOW.

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

DAMON, RUN!

HE SEEMS NOT TO LIKE YOU TOO MUCH.

I CAN RELATE.

KAINE--THIS ISN'T--THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME--

DYING IS *NEVER* CONVENIENT. TRUST ME, I KNOW.

"I GUESS THIS IS IT..."

Now.

...BECAUSE I'M NOT PROTECTING THE OLD SECRET IDENTITY AT THE EXPENSE OF MY BEST FRIEND AND MY NEWLY MINTED COUSINS --

HELLO, PETER...

...SO *NICE* YOU COULD JOIN US ALL.

KAINE?!

WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE--

DAMON-- EXCUSE ME, *RAPTOR*--INVITED ME, THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FUN.

I'M FALLING APART, PARKER. CELL BY CELL.

TURNS OUT, RYDER *CAN* HELP ME WITH MY LITTLE HEALTH PROBLEM.*

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS *HURT* YOU A BIT.

PETE!

*KAINE SUFFERS FROM A CELLULAR DEGENERATIVE CONDITION AS A RESULT OF BEING AN IMPERFECT CLONE. I CAN RELATE.
--WACKER

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?! LET HIM GO, YOU LONGHAIRED FREAK!

UNF

DON'T BE RUDE.

HARRY!

CRAK

"DON'T BEG, REILLY."

=HNK= NO...

SHUT UP!

WE'VE GOT THE SAME DNA AND I KNOW FOR A FACT YOU'RE MADE OF STERNER STUFF THAN THAT.

YOU'RE AS SMART AS EVER, KAINE!

WHAT I MEANT WAS...

KOSH

...THIS REALLY ISN'T A GOOD TIME.

Y'KNOW, NORMALLY I'D SAY THAT JOKE BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN...

...BUT I'M NOT REALLY IN A MOOD TO SCREW AROUND!

YOU'RE MESSING WITH MY FRIENDS, KAINE...

...AND IT'S GETTING OLD!

FOOOOOOONNNNK

RAAAAAAAARRRRR!

CAN I QUOTE YOU?

GRRR...

GOOD BOY. KEEP FOLLOWING ME WHILE I GET MY PRIORITIES IN ORDER.

FIRST OF ALL, I HAVE TO GET TO DAMON BEFORE HE HURTS LAURA OR THE KIDS...

THIS NEW LIFE OF YOURS? IT'S GOING TO BURN!

WORST. TIMING. EVER.

KAINE-- DAMN YOU-- YOU RUIN EVERY-THING...

YOU'RE GOING TO BURN, REILLY!

SHAK

DAMON! WHERE ARE YOU?!

HOUSE HAS GONE UP LIKE A CANDLE.

I HOPE LAURA WAS ABLE TO GET HERSELF AND THE KIDS OUT BEFORE--

OH NO.

NO!!!

DAMON!

THE KIDS...LAURA... WHERE IS...WHAT HAVE...?

DAMON... REMEMBER WHEN I SAID THIS EXPERIMENT OF YOURS WOULDN'T TURN OUT WELL?

THIS IS WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

"CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON, REILLY?!"

...RYDER NEEDED ME HERE HERE BECAUSE I THINK HE WANTS TO *RELIVE* A CERTAIN EVENING IN PORTLAND.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, KAINE.

ACTUALLY...

TEK

...I THINK YOU DO!

FOOOOM

YOU'RE GOING TO WATCH *YOUR* FAMILY BURN, BEN.

FOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMP

YOU'RE GOING TO EXPERIENCE *EXACTLY* WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOOK AT THE BODIES OF YOUR LOVED ONES, THEIR FLESH *CRACKED* AND *CHARRED*, THEIR EYES FILLED ONLY WITH *ASH*.

WELCOME, REILLY...

"...WELCOME TO MY HELL!"

I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN, DAMON! I *WARNED* YOU!

BEN! NO--!!

GNF--

CHOK

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND HOW LUCKY YOU WERE, DAMON?! YOU WON! IT WAS ALL IN YOUR HANDS!

THINGS SOME PEOPLE SPEND THEIR LIVES SEARCHING FOR!

GRRN--

DOESN'T IT MEAN *ANYTHING* TO YOU? YOUR CHILDREN...YOUR WIFE...

UNGH--LAU-- LAURA...

DAMMIT! WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?

LAURA! GET THE KIDS OUT! GET OUT OF THE HOUSE!

PLEASE... BEN...I BEG YOU... JUST...

...JUST LET MY FAMILY GO...

PLEASE...

DAMON...

YOU SICK, TWISTED MONSTER...

YOU'VE ALREADY *KILLED* YOUR FAMILY.

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS MONSTER TALKING ABOUT, PETE?"

Now.

DID YOU DO SOMETHING TO THIS GUY'S FAMILY?

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT A VERSION OF ME THAT'S, APPARENTLY, CAPABLE OF WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENT PEOPLE?

BEN...WHAT DID YOU DO TO THIS MAN?

TRUST ME, HARRY...

...HE'S INSANE! JUST-- JUST GET READY TO RUN...!

WHAT DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GONNA DO THAT'LL GIVE 'EM THAT CHANCE?

ME? NOTHING.

THEN WHAT--

ALRIGHT, SCREWBALL *FANS!* IT'S TIME TO GET THIS PARTY STARTED!

FINALLY.

SOMETHING GOES RIGHT.

SCREWBALL ARRIVES PRACTICALLY RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

WOW. I REALLY COULDN'T HAVE TIMED THAT BETTER IF I'D PLANNED IT.

WAITASECOND. I *DID* PLAN IT.

MAN, AM I GOOD. I LOVE IT WHEN I'M THIS GOOD.

HEY, YOU'RE NOT SPIDER-MAN...

PERCEPTIVE.

BRATATATATATATATATATAT

WHOA! WHAT'S WITH THE SHOOTIN, TEX?! AND WHERE THE HECK IS SPIDER-MAN?!

RIGHT HERE.

CRAK

SPIDER-MAN ACCEPTED MY CHALLENGE!*

I'VE GOT SUBSCRIBERS *PAYING* FOR THE GENUINE ARTICLE, NOT SOME CRACKPOT WHO LOOKS LIKE HE STEPPED OUT OF THE NINETIES!

*REMEMBER THAT TEXT SPIDEY MADE LAST ISSUE? --WACKER

HARRY! GET MY COUSINS OUT OF HERE AND CALL THE COPS!

PETER! IT'S GONNA BE OKAY...

WHO *ARE* THESE PEOPLE?

LONG STORY FALLOUT FROM A STORY I DID FOR FRONT LINE RISK OF THE PROFESSION VERY UNFORTUANTE SORRY YOU GOT SUCKED INTO IT.

NOW! GO! GET THEM OUT OF HERE!

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

THE PARTY'S JUST GETTING STARTED.

PETER!

C'MON!

RAPTOR, TIME TO GET THIS DONE!

SORRY, AUNT MAY.

I KNOW YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO OPEN UP THE LIVING ROOM, BUT I'M SURE THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU MEANT.

SSKRRRNSHHHH

OH, BOY, *THIS* IS GONNA TAKE SOME MONEY TO REMODEL.

GLAD YOU MARRIED A RICH GUY.

COST OF DRYWALL... $3,000.

COST OF LABOR... $8,000.

COST OF KEEPING SECRET IDENTITY SECRET...

PRICELESS.

SPIDER-MAN!

YOU SHOWED!

OF COURSE I DID. BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE AS A *DISTRACTION*, I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOU UNCONSCIOUS AND THEN DEAL WITH BIGGER PROBLEMS.

WHAT--?

SHRAK

SORRY. I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING A STATE-THE-OBVIOUS CONTEST.

I WIN, BY THE WAY.

-NGGH-

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SCREWBALL LIVE

SORRY FOLKS, SCREWBALL'S WEBCAST IS OFF THE AIR.

PLEASE GO BACK TO WATCHING MONKEYS ON ICE-SKATES OR WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO WITH THE INTERNET.

GRRRGH!!

SPIDER-MAN--

WHY DOES EVERYONE KEEP SAYING MY NAME LIKE IT'S A GUESS OR SOMETHING?

I MEAN, ISN'T IT OBVIOUS I'M SPIDER-MAN FROM THE *COSTUME?*

SHINK

OR THE *WEB-SHOOTING?*

CHAK TAK

TAK

CHAK

WHY ARE YOU *ALWAYS* PROTECTING REILLY?!*

*SPIDEY "CONVENIENTLY" SHOWED UP IN BOSTON TO COME TO PETER'S RESCUE BACK IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36.
--WACKER

THAT, MY FRIEND, IS SUCH A LONG STORY, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLDYA!

BUT THE SHORT VERSION IS THAT THE GUY YOU'VE BEEN CHASING AFTER IS *NOT* BEN REILLY.

ENOUGH OF YOUR LIES!

IT'S TRUE, DAMON.

HE'S NOT LYING. PARKER AND REILLY ARE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

HCK--

YOU WANT TO SEE WHY IT'S SO CONFUSING?

WHAT--? DON'T--

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A BIT CURIOUS WHY YOUR ENEMIES DON'T DO ONE SIMPLE THING--

KAINE--

STAY STILL.

LOOK, DAMON. GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU HERE...

NO! GOTTA TRY TO STICK MY SKIN TO THE MASK!

THIS FACE FAMILIAR?

GREAT. THIS IS GONNA GO OVER LIKE A FART IN CHURCH.

REILLY!!!

NO, YOU OUT OF CONTROL FOOL!

REILLY'S *DEAD*. DIED YEARS AGO.

THIS IS HIS *CLONE*.

BUT GO AHEAD. REVENGE AGAINST HIM'S THE NEXT BEST THING.

SCIENTIST LIKE YOURSELF SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE...

"...WHATEVER REILLY'S CAPABLE OF, THIS GUY IS, TOO.

"REILLY KILLED YOUR FAMILY. BUT IT JUST AS WELL COULD HAVE BEEN *THIS* MAN.

"THERE'S REALLY NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO.

SHAKT

" IT'S LIKE THEY SAY, 'THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED UPON THE SON.'

"SO TAKE YOUR JUSTICE WHILE IT'S STILL BREATHING."

KAINE'S RIGHT.

IT'S WHAT'S ALWAYS BOTHERED ME ABOUT KAINE--WHATEVER BEN WAS CAPABLE OF...I AM, TOO.

"I AM HE AS YOU ARE HE AS YOU ARE ME AND WE ARE ALL TOGETHER."

THANKS LENNON/ MCCARTNEY... THAT MAY JUST BE MY WAY IN!

WHICH REMINDS ME THAT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO REPLACE ALL AUNT MAY'S BEATLES ALBUMS AFTER THIS.

DAMON...

HE'S *LYING.*

BEN REILLY DIDN'T KILL YOUR FAMILY.

Then.

NO...
NO...
NO...

YOU'RE *LYING*, BEN!

YOU'RE *LYING*! I'D NEVER DO THAT! I'D NEVER HURT THEM!!! I'D NEVER HURT THEM! I'D NEVER--!

DAMON...

CRAK

...SHUT THE HELL UP.

WELL, ISN'T *THAT* INTERESTING...

HE BLAMES *YOU* FOR ALL THIS, BEN REILLY.

...AND ONE DAY IT WILL COST YOU DEARLY.

DAMON SHOULDN'T BE BLAMING ME FOR THIS. *YOU'RE* THE REASON THIS GOT OUT OF CONTROL.

HE SHOULD BE BLAMING *YOU*.

IN A WAY, BEN, HE IS.

BECAUSE YOU AND ME... END OF THE DAY... WE'RE THE SAME PERSON.

YEAH, I CAN TELL FROM THE WAY YOU'RE ALWAYS TRYING TO KILL ME.

WELL, MAYBE I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA NOW.

YOUR FRIEND HERE MAY BE CRAZIER THAN ME, BUT HE THINKS *YOU* BUTCHERED HIS FAMILY.

MIGHT BE INTERESTING TO LET YOU BOTH LIVE--FOR NOW-- SEE HOW *THAT* PROGRESSES.

OR YOU COULD JUST LEAVE HIM HERE, UNCONSCIOUS. LET HIM BURN TO DEATH WITH THE WIFE AND KIDDIES.

EITHER WAY, I'M GONNA ENJOY WATCHING WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT.

"THAT'S THE TRUTH, RAPTOR. YOU CAN'T BLAME ME *OR* BEN REILLY."

LIES!

NO! BEN REILLY DIDN'T KILL ANYONE.

KAINE'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. I'M WHOEVER BEN REILLY WAS.

HE'S NOT A KILLER.

HE NEVER WAS...

NEVER COULD BE...

AND I KNOW THIS BECAUSE...

AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU...

I'M NOT A KILLER.

AND I KNOW *THAT* BECAUSE YOU'VE COME HERE, SET FIRE TO MY AUNT'S HOUSE, THREATENED MY BEST FRIEND, TERRORIZED MY *FAMILY*...

...AND I'M LETTING YOU *LIVE*.

YEAH, I'M GONNA WEB YOU UP NICE AND GOOD AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH YOU BEFORE THE--

POLICE!

--GET HERE. OH GREAT!

OKAY, SO IT LOOKS LIKE HARRY FOUND HIMSELF A PHONE...

FREEZE!

NYPD!

FREEZE!

THWAP

THWAP

THWAP

ON THE FLOOR ON THE FLOOR ON THE FLOOR!!!

RAPTOR--

KAINE--

SCREWBALL, TOO.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

FELLAS, I HATE TO BREAK UP THE BAND...

BUT I GOT NOSE-BLEED KNICKS TICKETS!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM...

HOLD IT!

LET 'IM GO, STONE...THIS PLACE IS SHOT UP ENOUGH.

--THEY DIDN'T STICK AROUND TO GET *ARRESTED.*

NOT A BAD PLAN.

Epilogue.
That Night.

SO NOW I'VE GOT A WHOLE NEW MESS OF WORRIES WITH A HOUSE I NEED TO GET REPAIRED AND A MANIAC OUT THERE WHO'S SEEN MY FACE.

BUT SO FAR, NO SIGN OF RAPTOR.

NO TRACE OF KAINE.

AND SCREWBALL REMAINS #1 ON GOOGLE TRENDS.

NEW YORK'S FINEST HAD NO LUCK TRACKING THEM.

AND I *COULDN'T.*

BECAUSE I HAD SOMEWHERE ELSE I HAD TO BE.

HE THREW YOU THROUGH A *WALL?* HOW IS IT YOU DON'T HAVE A FEW BROKEN BONES?

BECAUSE I ABSORBED MOST OF THE IMPACT WITH MY *HEAD.*

AND I KNOW ABOUT EIGHT DIFFERENT SECRET WAYS INTO THIS HOUSE.

THAT'S SOME GOOD THINKING.

I THOUGHT SO.

WHO WERE THOSE MEN, PETER?

"OH, JUST A BUNCH OF CRAZIES."

YOU SAID YOU COULD HELP ME!!!

YES...

I BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED A *LIE.*

YOU SEEMED SO *EAGER* TO KILL "PETER PARKER," IF I HADN'T TEMPTED YOU, IT WOULD'VE BEEN A WASTE OF PERFECTLY GOOD *RAGE.*

"IT'S FUNNY, BUT...THE LARGER ONE KIND OF LOOKED LIKE YOU, PETER."

YEAH, IF YOU BULKED UP A BIT--

A LOT.

AND GREW A DADDY BEAR BEARD.

"YOU COULD BE A DEAD RINGER FOR HIM."

FUNNY YOU GIRLS SHOULD PUT IT THAT WAY.

WHY?

IT'S... HARD TO EXPLAIN.

I GUESS IT'S JUST... YOU LOOK AT SOME PEOPLE...

"...AND IT MAKES YOU THINK ABOUT THE PATH NOT TAKEN."

The End.

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL 611 .com

KELLY
CANETE
MOSSA

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HELLO, MARVELITES. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOE QUESADA HERE WELCOMING YOU TO THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.
I WAS GETTING TIRED OF THE REGULAR SPIDEY RECAP PAGE, SO I SENT BRENNAN AND THE WACKER OUT FOR "COFFEE" SO ME, DEADPOOL AND SOME OF THE GOOD PEOPLE AT MARVEL CAN SHOW THEM HOW IT'S DONE.
BY THE WAY, DID I EVER TELL YOU WHAT A HUGE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS FAN I--HEY! WACKER STOP EDITING MY LOVE OF THE METS!
EXECUTIVE EDITOR/RAGE-A-HOLIC TOM BREVOORT!
BREV SMASH PUNY RECAP!
PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER AND RECEIVED SPIDER-POWERS...NOW HE TRIES TO USE THEM RESPONSIBLY. WHAT MORE DO YA NEED TO KNOW? DON'T YOU GO TO THE MOVIES? NOW LEAVE ME ALONE! WACKER RULES! HEY! I DIDN'T SAY THAT!
RAAARRGH!
BULLPEN SCAN-A-HOLIC RANDALL MILLER!
UMM, I KINDA GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO, BUT OK...A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN CLAIMING TO BE THE WIFE OF SPIDEY'S DEAD ENEMY, KRAVEN THE HUNTER, HAS BEEN SECRETLY STALKING THE WEB-HEAD FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS.
I'VE LEARNED EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT COMICS FROM TOM BRENNAN. WAIT, I DID WHAT NOW?
X-EDITOR/SNARK-A-HOLIC JEANINE SCHAEFER
CHARLES WHAT NOW? OH, DEADPOOL? SURE. HE'S A MERCENARY. POWERS LIKE WOLVERINE. REALLY MESSED UP, UGLY FACE. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE...READ ANY MARVEL COMIC FROM MAY TO OCTOBER OF THIS YEAR.
NOW GET OUTTA HERE, CAMERA! I GOTTA GET X-FORCE #21 OUT THIS WEEK AND I'M NOT AS EFFICIENT AS STEVE AND TOM.
NERTZ! WHO SAID THAT?
PRODUCTION MANAGER SUE CRESPI
BRENNAN! WACKER!
STOP GOOFING OFF AND FINISH THE DARN BOOK!
AND IF YOU TRY AND MAKE ME SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT ONE OF YOU, I'LL CUT BOTH YOUR LETTERS PAGES OFF!*
*I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THIS TOMFOOLERY. -WACKER.
--HEY, I DIDN'T TYPE THAT! BRENNAN!
ALL RIGHT THEN...LET'S GET MOVING, BUT FIRST...
BENVENIDOS, GENTES! DEADPOOL, MECENARY FOR HIRE AND BIG TIME RYAN REYNOLDS FAN HERE!
CAN YOU SPOT THESE SPIDER-CHARACTERS IN THIS ISSUE? WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?
EDDIE BROCK A.K.A. ANTI-VENOM
ANYA CORAZON A.K.A. ARAÑA
MATTIE FRANKLIN A.K.A. SPIDER-WOMAN

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FIRST, I WANT TO SAY I'M IMPRESSED YOU HAVE MY NUMBER.

NO DOUBT IT COST YOU A SMALL FORTUNE JUST TO TRACK ME DOWN.

SECOND, IF YOU ARE WASTING MY TIME, CONSIDER IT A PERSONAL PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T SURVIVE THE WEEK WITH YOUR INTESTINES IN THEIR CURRENT CONFIGURATION.

WITH THAT OUT OF THE WAY, WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

...

DON'T GET UPPITY. FACT IS, IF YOU'RE CALLING ME IT MEANS YOU DON'T HAVE THE STONES TO DO THE JOB YOURSELF.

SO SPIT IT OUT ALREADY, BEFORE YOUR FIRST TERM IS UP.

...

REALLY...?

TO CLARIFY... YOU'RE OFFERING ME TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN UNMARKED U.S. CURRENCY... TO WALK INTO AVENGERS TOWER AND *KILL NORMAN OSBORN*, BUT NOT BEFORE *TORTURING* HIM--

--WHAT'S THAT?--

--WOW... THAT'S SICK. I MEAN, EVEN FOR ME. I'VE HEARD OF USING *PROPS*, BUT A *GOAT*?

THREE GOATS? YOU'RE A SICK, SICK MAN...IT'LL COST YOU *THREE BILLION*.

...

BARACK... YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A @$%^&* ASSASSIN.

THIS MAN, THIS EXPLETIVE DELETED

JOE KELLY [redacted]in' WRITER

ERIC CANETE [redacted]in' ARTIST

ANDRES MOSSA [redacted]in' COLORIST

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA [redacted]in' LETTERER

TOM BRENNAN [redacted]in' ASST. EDITOR

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TOM BREVOORT [redacted]in' EXEC. EDITOR

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DAN BUCKLEY [redacted]in' PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE [redacted]in' EXEC. PRODUCER

GALE, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE, WAID & WELLS [redacted]HEADS

CALL ME WADE, REALLY. I DIDN'T VOTE FOR YOU, BUT YOUR MONEY MAKES US FRIENDS.

??

WHEN THIS IS DONE, HOW ABOUT I TAKE YOU AND THE FAM OUT FOR CHEESESTEAKS--

DEADPOOL IS SO AWESOME! DEADPOOL IS SO AWESOME!

HOW YOU PHONE BE RINGIN' IF YOU ALREADY ON IT?

IT CAN'T.

IT'S THE NEW E-PHONE. READ A TECHNOLOGY MAGAZINE--NOW EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO TAKE THIS--

THAT WASN'T THE PRESIDENT!!!

LADIES, PLEASE! DON'T FEAR WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

HELLO? WHO THE HELL IS THIS?!?

WHERE'S MY DAMN MONEY? I HAD TO *PAY* FOR THIS COSTUME!

SOMEONE GET MIKEY! THIS FREAK IS GONNA CHISEL--

THIS MAKE-UP ITCHES!

HOLD PLEASE...

BRAKKKAKAKAKKAKKA

YEAH, SO YOU WERE SAYING..?

...

MY FEE IS TWO BILLION DOLLARS--

...

TEN GRAND WORKS TOO. I FORGOT WE'RE RUNNING OUR "*ONE SLAY FOR TEN K*" SPECIAL. YOU WANT THE DVD PLAYER THAT COMES WITH...?

NO... I'M NOT DEPRESSED. GO ON.

IT IS DONE.

I LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN WE NO LONGER NEED SULLY OURSELVES WITH THOSE SO FAR BELOW US...

HE'S FUNNY. HIS VOICE IS RUMBLY...

LIKE THE SOUND WHEN SOMEONE CHOKES ON PIECES OF THEIR OWN WINDPIPE.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES...

SO...YOU ARE *PROUD* OF ME, MAMA? MY *OFFERING?*

DO I GET A TREAT?

OF COURSE, ANA...VERY PROUD. YOUR WORK WITH THE *WEAVER* HAS BEEN ABOVE REPROACH.

ONLY TIME WILL TELL, DEAREST. *TIMING.*

IF THE INFORMATION YOU TOOK FROM THE WEAVER IS TRUE... THIS FEAST WILL BE YOURS...BUT IF NOT--

NO, MOTHER...

MADAME WEB MAY BE *BROKEN*...BUT SHE IS A GOOD PET. SHE TELLS ME THE *TRUTH.*

YOU'LL SEE...

"DO YOU KNOW WHY I HATE *WEDNESDAYS?*

GLAH...

"TWO REASONS.

Blahblah *USINGMYSTUFF WHITEBOY* blahblah!

"ONE, BECAUSE EVERYONE WISHES YOU A *'HAPPY HUMP DAY'* AND RARELY, IF EVER, HAVE I BEEN HAPPY OR OVER ANY HUMP ON A WEDNESDAY.

TOOTHPASTE IS FOR EARNERS!

"...AND WEDNESDAY IS *EXACTLY LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY* WHERE THE UNIVERSE HOCKS UP A COSMIC LOOGIE AND AIMS RIGHT FOR MY UNSUSPECTING MOUTH...

SLH-41

"...WHICH IS USUALLY HANGING OPEN IN AWE AT JUST HOW LUDICROUS MY LIFE HAS BECOME.

TOK!

Blahblah *SAVEYOURWORK ASYOUGO* blahblah

"I KNOW I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN. *'IN THIS ECONOMY,'* RIGHT? AT LEAST I HAVE A BOSS...EXCUSE ME...A *MAYOR* WHO HATES ME AND A JOB I CAN'T STAND...

Blahblahblah *PARKER!* Blah blahblah etcetera

"...WHICH PAYS JUST ENOUGH FOR ME TO SHARE AN APARTMENT WITH A HOT SEMI-PSYCHOPATH...

"...AND KEEP ME IN WEBBING AND COSTUMES-- THOUGH YOU CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT A DECENT *CUP* COSTS THESE DAYS...

Blahblah WHADDAYA MEAN"*CAN'T AFFORDTOACCEPT*" blahblah!

"CHEAPER THAN SURGERY FOR A BUSTED *'SPIDER-SACK,'* I'LL TELL YOU THAT.

"TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I HELP THE HELPLESS AND GIVE CHANGE TO THE HOMELESS AND FLOSS AND EAT *WHEAT-Y-OHS* TO KEEP MY CHOLESTEROL DOWN...

SKREEEEEEEEEECH

"...LIFE DOESN'T GO OUT OF ITS WAY TO TOSS ME A BREAK AS A GENERAL RULE.

"BUT THEN SOMETIMES...EVERY ONCE IN A *BLUE MOON*...

"...THE *UNIVERSE* SHRUGS ITS SHOULDERS AND SAYS, 'WHAT THE HELL..? LET'S THROW THE OL' WEB-HEAD A BONE.'

HA! MISSED--

Splash!

--ME.

Blahblah blah*SPLASH MYDAD*blah blahblah!

"TODAY, *YOU* ARE THAT BONE..."

SO BEFORE I GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS OF HERO-ING... *PLEASE...*

...SAY IT AGAIN.

LIKE YOU REALLY MEAN IT...

TO HELL WITH YOU, *INSECT!* THIS IS THE DAWN OF A *NEW AGE* IN *CRIME!*

SO SAYS

LADY STILT-MAN!!!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?! IT'S AN *HOMAGE--*

I CAN'T EVEN SAY IT WITH A STRAIGHT FACE. I'M SORRY. YOU PROBABLY WORKED REALLY HARD ON THAT.

SNRRK THANK YOU. THANK YOU SO MUCH, *LADY* STILT--

SNORT! YOU JUST USED "*HOMAGE*" AND *REALLY* MEANT IT.

GOD, I HOPE SOMEONE PUTS THAT UP ON *VIEWTUBE*. YOU'LL BE THE NEXT "*PHOTOBOMBING SQUIRREL.*"

KEEP LAUGHING, INSECT! AND I'LL SQUASH--

WAIT! "SQUASH ME LIKE A BUG?" WOW.

YOU EXCEL AT FINDING NEW AND EXCITING WAYS TO EMBARRASS YOURSELF.

DID YOU EVEN BOTHER DOING ANY RESEARCH? THERE ARE A *LOT OF* BAD GUYS YOU COULD HAVE "*HOMAGED.*"

I THINK THE WORLD IS READY FOR SISTER SPOT. MAYBE *BARONESS* BONG...

THWAP

SHUT UP!

WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT DID I JUST STEP ON?

HEH. HEH HEH...

KTANKK!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID IN A PAST LIFE TO DESERVE THIS, LADY, BUT IT'S *NOT* YOUR DAY.

TELL ME THE TRUTH. THIS IS A SET-UP. WE'RE ON TV. RIGHT?

DON'T MOCK ME-- WHOAAAA!

YOU'RE A KARDASHIAN OR A HILTON OR SOMETHING? "WHO WANTS TO BE A SUPER VILLAINESS?"

MY LEG!! WHOAAAA!

KRAAKTT!

NEVER FIGHT IN HIGH HEELS. TIM GUNN SAID SO IN LAST MONTH'S *MODELS, INC.!*

I KNOW YOU PROBABLY WON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT IF YOU COULD *SEE* WHAT JUST HAPPENED, YOU'D BE LAUGHING. I'M LAUGHING.

TEE HEE...

AAAH! I'LL KILL YOU, SPIDER-MAN!! SO SWEARS LADY STILT--

OH MY GOD WHERE'S THE GROUND?!?!

KRASHH!!

WOW. THAT...

WOW.

I--

WAAAAAAAAAAH!

OKAY...LET IT OUT. I KNOW...THE FIRST ONE HURTS THE MOST.

ESPECIALLY... YOU KNOW ≠SNRRT≠ WHEN YOU'RE DEFEATED BY YOUR OWN LEGS.

IT'S NOT FUNNYYYYYY!!!

JUST THANK GOD YOU REALLY AREN'T STILT-MAN... OR YOU'D BE SINGING SOPRANO, KNOW WHAT I'M--

≠AHEM≠

YOU'RE WELCOME!

DEADPOOL?! YOU DID THIS?

UH-HUH!

WELL, THAT'S A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING. I MEAN, THANKS, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST AN INCREDIBLY FUNNY COINCIDENCE WITH THE HEEL AND ALL--

NUH-UH!

UM...YOU OKAY?

NO, I'M NOT! I'M HAVING A COMPLETE FIT OF APOPLEXY AND AIDING AND ABETTING THE SPECTACULAR, SASSY, AND MIGHT I ADD IN A NOT-COMING-ON-TO-YOU-BECAUSE-I-REALLY-*REALLY*-LIKE-KISSING-PRETTY-GIRLIES-WAY...*SEXY* SPIDER-MAN...

WHO I HELPED DEFEAT A *SUPER VILLAIN.* ME.

AND YOU.

TOGETHER.

KLANK

RIGHT...DON'T TAKE OFFENSE, BUT DID YOU FORGET TO TAKE SOME MEDICATION TODAY OR SOMETHING?

CAUSE YOU'RE LIKE, SORT OF A CREEP USUALLY, RIGHT--?

CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

FOR REAL?

I KNOW. I'M A GEEK. BUT YOU'RE HERE AND WE JUST HAD THIS PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF HUMILIATING A NOVICE BAD GUY TOGETHER AND I WANT TO CAPTURE THE MOMENT...

SKRITCH SKRITCH

PLUS, I THINK IT'LL BE PRETTY VALUABLE WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.

WHAT?

DUH.

POOM!

OF ALL THE PREY I HAVE *HUNTED*... BY FAR, *HE* IS THE MOST CUNNING.

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE WAY HE MOVES, BY THE CUT OF HIS JIB AND THE INTANGIBLE AIR OF SWANK-I-TUDE THAT CLINGS TO HIM AS A HOBO'S FAVORITE SHRED OF SHAMWOW...

MTA METRO

OKAY, SCHIZO-BOY, BRING BACK SYCHOPHANT DEADPOOL--

SHHHHHHHH! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A GOOD INTERNAL MONOLOGUE!

SPIDER-MAN IS, AS MY CHUMS ON PRINCETON CREW WOULD SAY-- *BIG MAN SWAGGA.*

AT THIS TIME, I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE REITERATION OF MY EARLIER ASSERTION THAT ANY BROMANTIC FEELINGS I MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE STEM STRICTLY FROM PROFESSIONAL RESPECT.

I DO NOT WANT TO MAKE THE SPECIAL HUG WITH HIM. OR ANY OTHER HIM FOR THAT MATTER.

JUST SAYING.

"INTERNAL MONOLOGUE?" WHO KEEPS A RUNNING INTERNAL MONOLOGUE GOING?

--DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SHARE YOUR BEEF WITH ME?

THWIP

SQUITCH

DIDN'T YOU READ THE MONOLOGUE? *I DON'T LIKE YOU THAT WAY.*

WHAT?

NEVER MIND... I AM MOTIVATED BY ONE SIMPLE WORD: *CASH-O-LA.*

SPLORT

WHAT'S THE HEAD OF A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SUPER-STUD WORTH THESE DAYS?

NOT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO MY *PEDICURE.*

AND I PAID EXTRA FOR THE LITTLE BLACKEST NIGHT SYMBOLS, TOO. MY FEETS IS A RAINBOW OF POWER...

"THIS IS GEOFF JOHNS AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE" --GEOFF JOHNS, FORMER AVENGERS WRITER

HRRGH

WHOOOOOM!

THAT'S RIGHT! EXPLODING EJECTOR BOOTS!

THAT'S HOW I DEFENESTRATE, CHUMPLES!

THAT SORT OF DEDICATION'LL GIVE YOU A *LEG UP* ON THE OTHER MORONS WHO HAVE A GO AT ME EVERY OTHER DAY.

YOUR *PUN FU* HAS NO *SOLE*.

WON'T IT BE SORT OF TOUGH TO KICK MY BUTT WITH NO FEET?

LOOK, I'M *BIG PICTURE. NOT SO MUCH* A DETAILS GUY.

THIS WIDDLE PIDDY GREW A CUTICLE...

THIS WIDDLE PIDDY NEEDS *BONE*.

THIS WIDDLE PIDDY WANTS SKIN GRAFTS--

FWOO

DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR IS JUST AS STRONG, IF NOT STRONGER THAN WOLVERINE'S...AND MINE!
--GEOFF (HEY, GET ME OUT OF THIS COMIC!)

YO! THAT'S NOT ONE OF MY VOICES..?

STAY AWAY FROM MY VITAL BODILY FLUIDS, JOHNS! I'M EXCLUSIVE!

NO!!

VROOSH!

SIGH THEY MAKE SCHIZOPHRENIA LOOK LIKE SO MUCH FUN ON *UNITED STATES OF TARA*...

BUT SOMETIMES IT'S REALLY THE WORST OF ALL MUTANT POWERS.

THEY PAYING YOU EXTRA FOR A HIGH BODY COUNT..?

OR ARE YOU PRESSING PAUSE TO HELP ME HELP THESE PEOPLE?

INCREDIBLE...EVEN WITH THE STEAMING FOOT OF DEATH READY TO STOMP HIM INTO OBLIVION...

...HE STOPS TO AID A GAGGLE OF MENTAL DEFICIENTS WHO PAY SIX BUCKS FOR COFFEE.

AT CRITICAL *JUNCTURES* LIKE THESE, A CHECK ON THE OL' MORAL BAROMETER IS A MUST.

IT WOULD BE SO *HOT* IF YOU TOOK SPIDER-MAN DOWN, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, WITH A NAPALM ENEMA.

I BET THAT IF YOU SENT THE CARCASS TO MEGAN FOX SHE WOULD *TOTALLY* FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU.

PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS CALLED YOU A "KNOCK-OFF SPIDER-MAN WITH GUNS..."

KILL HIM NOW AND YOU CAN FINALLY ADD THE *BLUE* TO THE COSTUME YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WITHOUT ANYONE CALLING YOU A *"BITER."*

INTROSPECTION COMPLETE! TODAY MONEY TALKS, SO SPIDEY WALKS!

HEY! COVER THAT BUTT, LI'L DEVIL!!!

THAT'S OKAY, MISTER CRAZY-POOL, JUSSSST TAKE YOUR TIME BABBLING TO YOURSELF. I'LL WAIT...

CITIZENS! IT IS TIME TO BE THROWN VIOLENTLY TO SAFETY!

OKAY, NOW, SEE? HELPING SOMEONE IS THE *OPPOSITE* OF SHOOTING THEM!

LET'S *HOLD ON* TO THAT FEELING LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO WEB YOU A STRAIGHT-JACKET AND WE CAN--

CLR

VRMMMMMMMM

--HOW'D HE DO THAT?

FOR ALL YOU KIDS READING AT HOME, MAKE SURE YOU *WEAR A HELMET* WHENEVER YOU STEAL A MOTORCYCLE, TOSS EXPLOSIVES INTO A COFFEE SHOP, OR GIVE SOMEONE A "SPECIAL HUG."*

*THE MANAGEMENT DOES NOT ENDORSE THEFT, EXPLOSIVES USE, OR "SPECIAL HUGGING"--

ENOUGH WITH THE SIDEBARS!

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT AS MUCH "*HAPPY DEADPOOL TIME*" AS I CAN TAKE--

SPIDER-SENSE? THAT'S WEIRD--

I'VE GOT THIS UNDER CONTROL...EXCEPT FOR THE PSYCHOPATH STEERING THE BIKE, OF COURSE...

BUT IT'S LIKE...THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I SHOULD BE--WHO AM I KIDDING. HE MAY BE AN IDIOT, BUT DEADPOOL *IS* DANGEROUS.

STAY FOCUSED, SPIDER...

AND WE'RE DONE!

THWIPP

AW, SPUNK.

FOR THOSE OF YOU LACKING IN IMAGINATION, CREATE YOUR OWN SOUND EFFECT FOR THIS PANEL BY DRAGGING A SLAB OF BOLOGNA ALONG SOME SANDPAPER. TRY IT IN YOUR PARENTS BED, THEY WON'T MIND!
--JOE "I KNOW WHAT A FOLEY ARTIST IS" CARAMAGNA.

OKAY, THAT SIDEBAR WAS ACTUALLY PERTINENT...

Y'KNOW...I NEVER TAKE THE TIME TO NOTICE HOW *PRETTY* MY BLOOD LOOKS ON THE OUTSIDE...

...LIFE IS SO *HECTIC* WITH THE *ANARCHY* AND *MERCENARYING* AND *COMMEMORATIVE SPOON COLLECTING*--

THEN HOW ABOUT A NICE *LONG SINUS-SHATTERING* NAP TO HELP YOU RELAX?

WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED! A SECRET ABOUT YOUR MYSTERIOUS PAST!

YOUR MOTHER IS SO OLD, [redacted].

THAT'S DISGUSTING.

OH, SNAP!

SPIDEY, YOU GONNA JUS' LET THAT PUNK DISS YOU LIKE THAT?!

HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT *YO MAMA!*

IF YOU'LL BACK IT UP A FEW, JUNIOR, YOU'LL SEE I'M ABOUT TO "*DISRESPECT*" HIM MY OWN SELF... AND BESIDES, MY MOTHER'S DEAD--

DEAD OF *EMBARRASSMENT* BECAUSE HER SON WENT TO THE BARBER TO GET HIS *PALMS SHAVED* AFTER HE SHOT WEBBING ALL OVER HER COUCH.

OOOOH!

OH, YEAH..? *YOUR* MOTHER IS SO *UGLY* THAT A *SKRULL* TRIED TO COPY HER DURING THE INVASION AND *DIED... OF UGLY.*

OOOOOOH!

YOU MOTHER'S SO STUPID SHE TRIED TO GET *BAILOUT* MONEY SO SHE COULD AFFORD TO PAY ATTENTION.

OOOH... TOPICAL!

YOUR MOTHER'S SO STUPID SHE THINKS CHEERIOS ARE DONUT SEEDS.

YEAH, SOME OLD SCHOOL SLAMMIN'!

YOUR MOTHER'S SO FAT, *HANK PYM* HAD TO BEAT HER UP IN THE BACK OF A QUINJET.

OOOH... TOO SOON, MAN, TOO SOON.

AND YOUR MOTHER'S SO UGLY--

--SHE MADE *THIS!*

FOUL! FOUL!!!

THAT WAS LOW. REALLY LOW. YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE...

ERGLGRL

...BUT TO HIT YOU WITH THE *MUTHA* OF ALL *YO' MUTHA* JOKES.

HEY!

YO MAMMA-GEDDON.

I BUSTED THIS ONE OUT IN THE FOURTH GRADE, REDUCED A GYM TEACHER...A *MARINE*...INTO A QUIVERING MESS OF JELLY. HE NEVER TAUGHT AGAIN.

THE SECOND TIME, IN EIGHTH, A GIRL'S PANCREAS *RUPTURED.*

SHE NEVER TAUGHT TO BEGIN WITH. AND NOW SHE CAN'T EAT SUGAR EITHER.

I SPENT THE *REST OF MY LIFE* REFINING THIS CRACK... HAND-CRAFTING EACH WORD... DISTILLING IT INTO THE SINGLE MOST DEVASTATING DISS EVER UTTERED.

I SOLD IT TO THE *MOSSAD TRAINING CORPS*...THOUGH I ADMIT, IT DOESN'T WORK THE SAME IN HEBREW. PEOPLE JUST BITE OFF THEIR OWN TONGUES.

BUT IN *ENGLISH*, THE THREE PEOPLE WHO HAVE HEARD IT WERE SO *SHATTERED* THEY ALL DIED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

DEHYDRATION. FROM *CRYING.* THAT'S A LOT OF *TEARS*, BRO.

BRING IT, *WADE.*

YOUR MAMA--

BDEET BDEET

...AAAAND THAT'S A WRAP!

WHOO! MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE I ALMOST HIT YOU WITH *MAMAGEDDON*--

WHAT?

JOB'S OVER. YOU WANNA GET A BEER OR SOMETHING--

I DON'T DRINK...AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN "JOB'S OVER"?

AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO KILL ME?

NO, THAT WAS YOUR ASSUMPTION. I NEVER SAID *MAIM, KILL, OR DIE.*

THEN WHAT DID THEY HIRE YOU TO DO? *ANNOY* ME FOR AN HOUR?

WHY?

BASICALLY. THAT AND GET YOU AWAY FROM MIDTOWN.

BECAUSE IT WAS FUN?

YOU FULLA POO! YOU DIDN'T HAVE NO SUPER-BAD MUTHA JOKE!

SIGH I BET YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA OR THE *BLACKHEAD FAIRY* EITHER. C'MERE.

MASSUM FRASSUM HASSUM...

WAHHH

DON'T WORRY, IT'LL STOP IN A FEW DAYS. I ONLY GOT HALFWAY THROUGH IT.

BUT YOU REMEMBER THIS DAY, AND YOU GO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF, TIGER.

ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THE NONSENSE AND THE CRAZY AND THE--*YOU!*

WHO HIRED YOU TO *MESS WITH ME?* WHAT DO THEY WANT?

NO CLUE, PAL. FOR HONEST AND FOR TRUE... BUT I CAN TELL YOU *TWO THINGS...*

ONE, WHOEVER'S GOT A MAD-ON FOR YOU IS *SERIOUS.* I'M JUST A *PRAWN* IN AN ANTI-SPIDEY *JAMBALAYA* THAT'S SIMMERING TO PERFECTION...

AND *TWO...*

...I REALLY AM A *FAN,* BUT WHEN WE CROSS PATHS IN *DEADPOOL* ISSUE #19 I'M GONNA *DUTCH OVEN* YOU WITH YOUR OWN WEBS.

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

"ARE YOU HAPPY, MAMA?

"DID THE BOYS PLAY NICELY?"

"YOU TELL ME, ANA."

TRAINS HEADING INTO GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL WILL BE DELAYED DUE TO SUPER HUMAN ACTIVITY...

OF COURSE THEY WILL. YOUR LUCK'S AS GOOD AS EVER, ANYA CORAZON.

"YES, THE *INSECT* WAS NEVER WHERE HE WAS *SUPPOSED* TO BE TODAY...

"HE DIDN'T BUMP INTO THE *PROTEGE*...

"HE DIDN'T BATTLE THE *MONSTER*...

LET ME HELP...

THANKS, MISTER--

--BROCK. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME EDDIE, KID.

"AND THE *LITTLE SISTER*...

SO SAYS LADY STILT-MAN!

SPIDEY?

GEEZ, BACK IN TOWN FOR THREE DAYS AND ALREADY HE NEEDS ME. *SIGH*

A GIRL'S WORK IS NEVER--

"SHE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE WITHOUT HIM..."

YOU PERFORMED *BRILLIANTLY*, MY DEAR.

YOU *AND* YOUR PLAYMATE.

THANK YOU, *MAMA*...

I *TOLD YOU* MADAME WEB WAS A GOOD PET.

SHE LED ME RIGHT TO THE *PREY*.

KEPT THE SPIDER *AWAY*.

HEE. IT RHYMES.

MATTIE...

MERCIFUL HEAVEN FORGIVE ME...

ANA...

OUR PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE... NOW, TO SET THE WHEEL IN MOTION...

In One Week:
THE GAUNTLET BEGINS.

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

TOM BRENNAN
ASST. EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER
EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

ITEM! Don't forget, Spidey-Fans, you'll be able to catch former Marvel Punk of the Month assistant editor Tom Brennan carrying the Spider-Man balloon in this year's Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade on Thanksgiving morning.

So why not gather the family around on this day of service and gratitude and greet the morning staring at the same thing I have to stare at everyday: Brennan holding a balloon.

(GAK! I missed an easy "hot air" comment! Ah well, next year…)

Dear Bullpen,

I am a 64-year old who has been reading Spider-Man since his debut in *Amazing Fantasy #15.* (wish I still had it). When you guys decided to re-tool Spidey in Brand New Day, I groaned. I thought it was a cheap way of getting out of the corner in which you had painted yourselves. But I stuck with you and have since read some of the greatest Spider-Man stories ever. I love what you've done. Which brings me to the American Son arc.

Over the years, I've seen Norman Osborn do some despicable things but issues #598 and #599 brought out an evil that I have never before read in a comic. With these two issues, you propelled him right up there with the likes of Satan.

My only problem with the story was that you put Norman in a position where he could have been killed and then didn't do it. Now, I know why you didn't do it - how could you kill off the greatest villain in comic book history. Not to mention all the untold stories you have in the hopper. My feeling is that you shouldn't have put him in that position in the first place. I think it was asking too much of your readers to believe that someone would pass up the opportunity to finally do him in. Wolverine would have. I realize that they are heroes and heroes are noble but geez, guys, a little closure here, eh?

This is my first letter ever to Marvel, so I'm not a very critical person. I hope you take this in the spirit in which it was intended and please be sure that you have a reader for life.

Frank Hoolan
Levittown, NY

Point taken, Frank. You make a lot of good points on both sides of the argument. For my money, while our heroes may bend the law here and there to get their good deeds done, that's just part of the logistical buy-in when you're reading most super-hero comics. And as the years have gone on, we've seen many darker heroes rise who not only bend the law, they out and out disobey it, sometimes violently. For me that's just a legitimate part of the fantasy and within, I believe, most people's boundaries of good taste.

But to go from that, to out and out murder, whatever the situation, just wouldn't sit well with me. Norman was beaten…at least for the moment and Spidey and the Avengers will continue to confront him and bring him down in as legal a way as possible.

(You'll see the beginnings of something along those lines in next week's *Dark Reign: the List--Amazing Spider-Man* one-shot featuring a MAJOR face-off between Norman and Spidey that helps lay the groundwork for the story people have been clamoring for: AVENGERS: SIEGE…it starts this winter.)

Dear Spider-People,

I haven't written to a letter page in years, but I feel I have to after reading one of the most fun Marvel comics I've read in a long while. I learned to read with Spider-Man, but I still feel I can be objective when need be.

What I mean is that I like to think that I have discerning taste when it comes to Spider-Man comics, and that I won't just like whatever is put out. With that being said: #600 made me feel like a kid again and I hope when I have kids they will learn to read on comics that are just as exciting. (Although I'll probably still start them out on my first choice ASM #278). Thank you all.

Joe Brown
Columbia, MO

Dear Spider-Guys

Happy 600th issue! It's been nearly 50 years since the first issue of ASM came out. I've come to love characters like Mary Jane Watson, Venom, Doc Ock, Aunt May, and so on.

Even though I was mad at you guys for the events in OMD, I have come to like BND and their story arcs like *New Ways To Die*, and *American Son.* There is one thing unclear to me still, what exactly happened in *The Other* since Peter does not have his Other powers like organic web?

Besides that, you guys have been writing 600 great issues (well most of them anyway). I would like to see Carnage, Electro, and the Sandman in the future issues. Keep up the good work!

Omar Diaz
Seattle, WA

You're going to get a lot of what you're asking for in the next few months, Omar, starting with next issue's return of Electro.

The powers Pete exhibited in the Other were never powers that he had all the time, he exhibited them at times of high stress and danger. So it remains to be seen what—if anything—happened to them.

Before we launched the new *Web of Spider-Man,* we had a sister book called *Amazing Spider-Man Family* where we ran short stories about the book's supporting cast, so let's take a sec and check in that mail bag too..

Dear Web-heads,

I really liked Roger Stern and Val Semeiks's *Just An Old Sweet Song*, a nice, touching exposition on Aunt May's life. There are so many writers today who write comics as if readers should do homework beforehand, studying continuity so you can understand their story. How wrong!

Luckily, writers like Stern are able to use continuity like a tool for producing good stories. A tale like *Just An Old Sweet Song* can be appreciated by an old reader who remembers every mentioned event (like me) and even by a new one, because the past references are used to tell a story, not to hide the lack of one.

Some years ago, re-reading AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #238, my eyes were stopped by a phrase in an Aunt May thought balloon: "That's all well and good for you to say, Nathan Lubensky! You never lost a child like I...". What?! Aunt May lost a son? A shocking revelation, I'd say! So, I contacted Roger Stern himself and asked for some more info about that. He replied that he had one story about May's loss in mind since those days and hoped to write it sooner or later. Well, I'm so glad he had the chance to do it, at last!

Please, give me more stories by Mr. Stern and more stories about Aunt May: she's my favorite supporting character and, even if so many readers and writers forget this, her presence constantly reminds Peter why he is Spider-Man. Seeing her remembering her youth and her biggest tragedies with Peter made her seem even more human to me.

Again, kudos to Roger Stern for his excellent work.

Francesco Vanagolli
Portoferraio, Italy

NEXT WEEK !

For months, we've been laying the groundwork. The Kraven Family. Kaine. Madame Web.

And throughout it all…Spidey's worst enemies haven't been seen. No one knows where they've been or why they've been laying low.

That ends now.

The Gauntlet is here…and it's gonna cut a brutal path right through Spider-Man's soul.

First Strike….Electro. By Mark Waid and Paul Azaceta.

Start resting up, readers. It's going to be a helluva next few months.

**Viva Barcelona,
Simperin' Steve
10/21/09**

This week's cover by the incomparable Skottie Young!

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